MACLEOD'S

HISTORY OF WITCHES.

&c. &c. &c.

THE

MAJESTY OF DARKNESS DISCOVERED,

IN A SERIES OF

TREMENDOUS TALES,

MYSTERIOUS, INTERESTING,

AND

ENTERTAINING,

OF

APPARITIONS, WITCHES, AUGURS, MAGICIANS, DREAMS, VISIONS, AND REVELATIONS,

IN CONFIRMATION OF

A FUTURE STATE,

AND

THE SUPERINTENDENCY OF A DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

BY THE AGENCY OF

SPIRITS AND ANGELS.

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INTRODUCTION.

A brief Preliminary Diſcourſe on the Doctrine of Apparitions, Spirits, Agency of Angels, &c.

Dii quibus imperium eſt animarum umbræque filentes
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte filentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui; ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res alta, terra et caligne merſas.
Ibant obſcuri, ſola ſub nocte, per unbram,
Perque demos ditis vacuos, et inenia regna;
Quale per incertam lunam, ſub luce maligna
Eſt iter in ſylvis,—— VIRGIL.

Ye ſubterranean gods, whoſe awful ſway
The gliding ghoſts and ſilent ſhades obey;
O, Chaos hear, and Phlegethon profound!
Whoſe ſolemn empire ſtretches wide around!
Give me, ye great tremendous powers, to tell
Of ſcenes and wonders in the depths of hell;
Give me your mighty ſecrets to display
From thoſe dark realms of darkneſs to the day.
Obſcure they went; through dreary ſhades, that led
Along the waſte dominions of the dead;
As wand'ring travellers in the woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.

THE notion of a ſtate ſeparate from the natural world, is certainly coeval with creation itſelf. The author of the Pentateuch, the moſt ancient of all hiſtorians, has not entirely left this ſublime ſubject untouched. He introduces the Almighty amidſt the majeſty of darkneſs, brooding upon the face of the water, giving birth to harmony

and order, and at his feet beholding light inſtantaneouſly ariſe, When the morning ſtars ſang together, and all the ſons of God ſhouted for joy.

We behold the *Shechinah* or divine preſence alſo diſplayed after the completion of creation, in the acts of Providence. A ſupernatural being unites the firſt pair—communicates to them the two covenants—pronounces ſentence on diſobedience—and opens a proſpect of paradiſe regained, at the inſtant the flaming ſword guarded every avenue to the tree of life. So likewiſe, in the caſe of Cain and Abel, the ſame angel is repreſented by Moſes as interfering.—Enoch, the ſeventh from Adam, walked with God, and by him was taken away to the inviſible world. The ſame patriarch, previous to his tranſlation, propheſied of a general judgment, as we ſee in the Epiſtle of Jude. So that even the antedeluvian world was not left without witneſs of the reality of a future ſtate, and the interpoſition of angels; not without the moſt ſolemn warning of a day, when the righteous God will diſtribute juſtice, amidſt ten thouſand of his ſaints and angels.

The frequent appearance of angels beſtow on the book of Geneſis the utmoſt ſublimity—After the flood, we ſee an agent of the Almighty confounding the language of the builders of Babel.—Abraham we hear called from his own country by a voice ſupernatural. He foreſees his family flouriſh in a viſion, and equalling the ſtars in number in a ſtrange land, beneath the rod of oppreſſion.—The chaſtity of Sarah is preſerved by a miraculous

raculous dream. Hagar and her child Iſhmael are ſupported by an angel.—Jacob, in a dream on a deſart, when a ſtone was his pillow, beholds a ſcale which reached from Earth to Heaven, and the angels of God deſcending. The ſame patriarch we ſee wreſtling with God, and prevailing. The future pages preſent us with the dreams of Joſeph—his interpretation of *Pharaoh*'s viſions, which ſaved the lives of myriads—raiſe that depreſſed captive to the pinnacle of honour, and accompliſh the grand deſign of Providence, foretold to Abraham.—But the father of this new Lord of Egypt dares not hazard a journey ſo arduous until he heard a ſupreme voice in a dream, ſaying, "Fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will go down with thee, and will ſurely bring thee up again."

From what we have already obſerved, we diſcover the futility of thoſe writings which maintain, that the doctrine of a future ſtate and of angels was unknown to the people of *Iſrael*. The Jews, conſidered as a people, although under a *Theocracy*, could *only* have the ſanctions of rewards and puniſhments of a *temporal* kind; but, as individuals, thoſe ſanctions reached another life; nor cant he Judge of all the Earth, who certainly will do right, otherwiſe reward or puniſh any people complexly conſidered. Puniſhment in this world will deſcend to the third and fourth generation of thoſe who hate, and to thouſands of them who love the Lord; but every man muſt die eternally for his own ſin, or be everlaſting rewarded, in point of degree, for his own righteouſneſs.

We migh expatiate on the buſh-burning—the miracles of Moſes—the enchantments of the Egyptian magicians—the deſtroying angel—the diviſion of the Red Sea—the fiery pillar—the argent cloud—the raining of manna—the thunder and lightning which ſhook mount Sinia—the voice of the Great Supreme reaching round the camp of Iſrael—the opening earth devouring *Korah* and his company—but all these wonders of the ancient world would very far exceed our preſent deſign, and break the narrow boundary of a book, whoſe brevity will perhaps conſtitute its greateſt beauty.

Homer was certainly the greateſt and moſt ſublime Poet of all the ancients among the heathen, and his ſublimity chiefly appears in his machinery of the Gods, or ſupernatural beings. Much of the marvellous muſt be mingled in an epic poem to charm the bulk of readers. *Virgil*, *Lucan*, *Taſſo* and *Fenelon*, have all in this imitated the father of Grecian poetry. But much more marvellous than all their invented machinery is that reception which the world has given to their monſtrous deities. How far ſuperior does *Milton* in ſublimity ariſe above thoſe bards, by adhering to "a more ſure word of prophecy." His *Paradiſe Loſt* being founded on the ſcriptural theology, his ſupernatural beings form not the machinery, but appear the principal actors in the poem.

No ideas are ſo ſublime as thoſe taken from the Supreme Being. He is the leaſt known, but the greateſt of all objects. His nature is infinite, his

his duration eternal, and theſe joined to his omnipotence, ſurpaſs our conception, yet raiſe them to the higheſt!

——How oft, amidst
Thick clouds and dark, does Heaven's all ruling Sire
Chuse to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Circles his throne—— MILTON.

It is this awful obſcurity that raiſes the mind of man to the ſolemn ſummit of ſublimity. To us the Great Supreme is but dimly ſeen in his works of creation and Providence. In the ſacred book of Revelation he has been pleaſed to diſplay his power, wiſdom and goodneſs, by the miniſtry of men and of angels. The character of Melchiſedec, that wonderous prieſt, is dimly drawn by Moſes and Paul, and it is the dark ſhade that eclipſes his comely countenance which renders him ſo highly venerable. Some even have ſuppoſed him to be no leſs a perſon than the Meſſiah himſelf. The angels who appeared to Abraham at the door of his tent, announcing the ſudden deſtruction of Sodom, are ſo myſtically repreſented, that we hardly can call them created beings. Divines are generally agreed in allowing the meſſenger who ſpake to Moſes from the burning buſh, to be the angel of the covenant, the ſon of God in his human nature, in the body prepared for him. With this divine perſon the great prophet and lawgiver of the Jews, is repreſented as ſpeaking face to face, as man ſpeaketh with his friend. But we are told that no man has ſeen God at any time, and that no man can ſee him and live. How is this to be

reconciled with the viſion of Moſes, who beheld all his glory paſs before him. Certainly by no other means, than ſuppoſing the incarnation.

There are other angels which are miniſtering ſpirits, ſent forth to thoſe to whom the Almighty is pleaſed to communicate his will; in the ſpecial affairs of the world, inſtances of ſuch agents are innumerable in the ſacred volume. Theſe angels are aſſuming bodies in the likeneſs of human nature and are capacitated to ſpeak in the language of men.

A very awful meſſenger of this kind, we have repreſented in the book of Job, which is no inconſiderable proof of the real exiſtence of apparitions. The obſcurity of this image conſpires to render the deſcription truly tremendous. In thoughts from the viſions of the night, when deep ſleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to ſhake. Then a *Spirit* paſſed before my face; the hair of my head ſtood up; it ſtill ſtood; but I could not diſcern the form thereof; an *Image* was before mine eyes; there was ſilence; and I heard a voice—"ſhall mortal man be juſt before God?"

God himſelf is a ſpirit—a being immaterial and immortal. Angels and the ſouls of men are alſo immaterial, and made immortal by the Great Supreme, being his offſpring. We are taught that many of theſe angels fell from their firſt ſtate, and were removed from the realms of happineſs, to the manſions of miſery. Theſe evil ſpirits are ever meditating the ruin of mankind, and employ all

all their power to ſeduce human ſouls from the path of duty. How far they have proved ſucceſsful the hiſtory of the world affords a moſt melancholy repreſentation. Satan is ſaid, in the ſecond book of Chronicles, to have tempted David to number his people, thereby truſting more to an arm of fleſh than in the living Lord Almighty. The dread conſequence of that was the ſudden deſtruction of a great multitude by peſtilence. Something like this is repreſented by *Homer*, in his firſt Iliad, where *Apollo*, by a peſtilential air, deals death to thouſands in the camp of *Achilles*.

The ſame prince of the power of the air, as the apoſtle Paul denominates the arch evil ſpirit, appeared in the preſence of God, and gained leave to try Job's integrity. He ſlew his children, blowed down his habitation, deſtroyed all his ſubſtance, and afflicted his body with loathſomeneſs and torment. An evil ſpirit from the Lord was diſpatched to the hoſt of Aſſyria, and in one night deſtroyed a numerous army. Our Saviour himſelf was tempted in the wilderneſs by this malignant wicked being, and the dæmons in his days appeared to have had the fulleſt commiſſion to poſſeſs mankind.

From what has been ſaid, it appears plain that the notion of ſpirits, angels and dæmons, was familiar to the Jews. There were ſome Sadduces mingled in the body of the people, who denied the being of angels, and the doctrine of a future ſtate. Such ſceptics are to be found in our own days, but to them we may well apply the words of Chriſt

Chriſt to the materialiſts of the ancient ſchool—"ye do err, not knowing the ſcriptures, nor the power of God."

The ſtory of Saul with the witch of Endor, is a plain demonſtration that apparitions were believed in by the Hebrews. That diſobedient monarch died in a fit of zeal, in fulfilling the injunction of Moſes, baniſhed from his kingdom all thoſe who pretended to auguring by witchcraft; but afterwards, on being denied an anſwer from the Almighty, through the medium of his prophets, was ſadly neceſſitated to apply to a ſilly old woman at Endor. Here Samuel was actually raiſed from the dead, but whether his real body, or an aſſumed one, is not certain. However, the image ſpoke to the king in an audible voice, and foretold his death, and that of his ſons, on mount Gilboa.

The rich man in hell, and Lazarus in heaven, as repreſented by Chriſt, with the dialogue between Dives and Abraham, leave no room to doubt of the reality of a ſtate of reward and puniſhment in an immortal ſtate, but on the contrary demonſtrate that the ſouls of men are capable of exiſting in a ſtate ſeparate from their bodies. This idea have prevailed in the world in all ages, even among the moſt ſavage and unenlightened nations: and it will be the employment of the following pages to blazon abroad the truth of that doctrine, on which the idea is founded:—

That to the height of this great argument
We may advance, aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to man.

The

APPARITIONS, SPIRITS, AGENCY of ANGELS, &c.

CHAP. I.

THE following intereſting and entertaining tales of apparitions, dreams, augurs, witches, omens, and ſpecial revelations, being well authenticated, and all ſtamped with the ſeal of truth, will better elucidate the preceding remarks, than any logical arguments or metaphyſical diſquiſitions, which might be produced in a treatiſe of this nature; and though we have ſtudied conciſeneſs, and avoided prolixity, we have omitted no relation, which is calculated to ſatisfy the curious, or raiſe the mind of man to the higheſt pitch of ſublimity.

An Hebrew Tradition on the apparent perplexity in Providence.

When Moſes was on the mount, receiving the law from the hand of the Almighty, he not only beheld all God's goodneſs paſs before him, in the future glory of the choſen people, but alſo ſaw a particular ſcene which vindicated the ways of the divine majeſty to man.

From the lofty ſummit of the ſacred hill, this prophet looked towards the valley, where he beheld a great road, by the ſide of which was a well of water. The firſt perſon he ſaw approaching the fountain, was a man of war in armour, and

and on horſe back. He alighted, and refreſhed himſelf at the well. On his return he chanced to drop a bag of money, and purſued his journey for ſome time without miſſing it.

The next object which drew the attention of Moſes, was a boy, who having reached the fountain, found the money of the ſoldier, and went on his way, in a path which parted from the main road.

An old enfeebled man now made his appearance, and having quenched his thirſt, ſat down on the margin of the well to reſt his weary limbs. Here the aged traveller ſat a conſiderable time, ſo long that the military hero having miſſed his money, was returned to the fountain before he aroſe.

The ſanguinary ſoldier ſeeing the old man, and no one elſe, without heſitation, challenged him with having ſecreted the bag and its contents. The aged ſojourner, trembling and in tears, ſolemnly proteſted, that he had not ſeen it; on which the warrior drew his ſword and killed him at that inſtant on the ſpot.

At this ſight Moſes was amazed, and fell down before the Almighty, ſaying, "ſhall the righteous Lord ſuffer ſuch an act of injuſtice in his creation?" The divine Being vouchſafed thus to reply: "O, Moſes, thou ſeeſt but a part of the ways of Providence. Hadſt thou beheld the whole of this ſcene, thou would'ſt have acknowledged the juſtice in killing the aged man; for know that he was the murderer of the boy's father."

This tale reminds us of the confeſſion of archbiſhop

biſhop Cranmer, who was burnt at Oxford in the reign of queen Mary, of mercileſs memory. He owned that his puniſhment was right by the hand of the Almighty, however wrong in the judges and accuſer; for, ſaid that penitent good prelate at the ſtake, "Had not I prevailed on my royal Maſter, Henry VIII. to burn an old woman for hereſy Thomas Cranmer would not now have been brought to a ſimilar ſituation."

A dream of Alexander the Great, ſaved the Jews from deſtruction.

When this reſiſtleſs conqueror of the world was beſieging the city of Tyre in Syria, he found the place almoſt impregnable. He ſent to the people of the neighbouring nation, the Jews, in order to obtain their aſſiſtance in the reduction of the city; but they, not caring to plunge themſelves unneceſſarily in war, declined affordin gtheir aid. The ſiege being long and arduous, Alexander, though then unable to reſent the refuſal of the Jews, was reſolved to hurl ruin and deſtruction on their country, as ſoon as it ſhould ſuit his convenience.

Accordingly, after the ſurrender of the city he led on his victorious troops to Paleſtine, in order to fulfill his decree of deſolation. The Hebrews, as well may be ſuppoſed, were filled with the utmoſt perplexity, and their terror more and more prevailed, on the nearer approach of the enemy.

At this critical conjucture *Jaddus*, the High Prieſt, was warned by the Almighty in a viſion to face

face the hero in all the pomp of his ſacerdotal garments, the mitre on his head, and on that the name of God,attended by a number of the prieſts and people. The high prieſt obeyed the admonition of the Almighty, and met Alexander. At ſight of the venerable pontiff the monarch was filled with awe, and with great ſubmiſſion he ſaluted him, and bowed with reverence, the people all around ſhouting "God ſave the king."

On this *Parmenio*, the chief general of the Macedonian hero,expreſſed his diſpleaſure at beholding his ſovereign ſo humble as to adore the Hihg Prieſt of the Hebrews. On which the king replied, "I worſhip not the Prieſt but his God, who appeared to me in a dream,in the ſame form, at a city in Macedonia, promiſing me the exertion of his divine power, in an expedition againſt Aſia, in conquering part of it which yet remains ſubdued." On which Alexander, according to the teſtimony of Joſephus, honored and enriched the city and nation of the Jews.

Auguſtus, the Roman Emperor, preſerved from death by a dream.

The Emperor's phyſician, Antonius, was forewarned in a viſion, by a dæmon, in the form of the Goddeſs Pallas, of the iminent danger his monarch was in,if the next day he continued in his tent, adviſing him not to fail being preſent at the battle. He accordingly was carried in a litter to the field, to be preſent with the army, although he was unable to fight by reaſon of ſickneſs.

The

The conſequence was, the ſoldiers of Brutus, who were charged to ſurround Auguſtus in his tent, miſſed their aim, and the ſick Emperor was preſerved to be the bleſſing of myraids, and many years an ornament to humanity

St. Auguſtine's ſtory of the Milaneſe citizen.

A citizen of Milan being demanded money, as being due to the creditor from his father who was dead, was aſſured in a dream that debt was actually paid. At the ſame time the apparition, which repreſented his deceaſed parent in every feature, informed him where he might find the acquittance.

On the morrow, agreeable to the advice received from the viſion, he found the receipt, which St. Auguſtine declares he ſaw with his own eyes. Many ſuch revelations have been made in England upon great emergencies, as may be ſeen in books which abound with ſtories of a ſimilar nature. But one well authenticated tale, taken from ſo high an authority, may well be ſuppoſed ſufficient in a book abounding with variety.

Joan of Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans.

This damſel dealt in divination, in the reign of Charles VII. of France, during the ſiege of Orleans by Henry VI. of England. Succeſs certainly had attended the arms of ſeveral ſucceſſive monarchs of Albion for a long ſeries of years. As certain it is, that affairs took quite a different turn on the appearance of this maiden, who being introduced to Charles, declared that ſhe had

been favoured with a ſupernatural revelation in a viſion of his reſtoration by her means. " I am the virgin," ſaid Joan, " decreed by Heaven to replace the crown upon thy head, after relieving Orleans."

Although the king paid but little regard to a tale of that ſort, by the perſuaſion of the perſon who introduced her, he gave her a troop of an hundred men; on which the heroine, in habiliments of the other ſex, valiantly marched to the relief of the city, ſupplied the beſieged with food, and inſpired them with a ſpirit of courage, unknown before to Frenchmen. At the ſame time, a ſpirit of dejection prevailed amidſt the Engliſh, who imbibed a notion that the maid was actually ſent to war againſt them by the Almighty.

She a ſecond time relieved the place with plenty of freſh proviſions, and the enemy beheld her at the head of fifteen hundred men eager for victory. The Virgin, in perſon, entered the ſtrongeſt forts, fighting miraculouſly, and encouraging the men to follow her example. In three days the Engliſh loſt 800 men, whilſt the French loſt only 100. Theſe victories were crowned with the deſired ſucceſs. The Engliſh were ſo diſpirited on the ſuppoſition of an agency above nature being employed againſt them, that they abandoned the ſiege of Orleans, and Charles was crowned at Rheims, and all the country yielded to him.

This young woman afterwards was burnt, on a charge of witchcraft.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The King and the Spider

SOLOMON ſays, "The ſpider, layeth hold with her hand, and is in king's palaces." That even a king may receive omenous information from an inſignificant reptile, the following ſtory will demonſtrate.

Robert Bruce of Scotland had long waged war with Edward I. of England without ſucceſs. Edward II. bent to follow his father's example, and obey his ſolemn injunction, reſolved to reduce Scotland; for which purpoſe he raiſed an army of no leſs than an hundred thouſand men, including his foreign allies. Bruce, being in great difficulty, was obliged one night to take up his quarters in the barn of a loyal farmer. In the morning, ſtill reclining his head on a ſtrawy pillow, he beheld a ſpider climbing a beam, to gain its curious attenuated web at the ſummit. The inſect in its efforts fell to the ground, and made a ſecond eſſay. This attracted the hero's notice, who with regret ſaw it fall a ſecond time, from the ſame ſituation. It made a third attempt without ſucceſs, and in the fourth alſo failed.

Not without a mixture of concern and curioſity, the monarch twelve times ſaw the perſevering creature baffled in its aim to reach the place of its natural laboratory. But the thirteenth time proving ſucceſsful, the king ſtarted from his couch and thus exclaimed; "This little inſect has taught

taught me a leſſon of perſeverance, and ſet me an example, which I *will* follow. Have not I, in like manner, been twelve times diſappointed of my wiſh; and defeated by the enemy's ſuperior treachery. On one trial more depends the fate of my dear diſtreſſed country."

So ſaying, Bruce aroſe, rallied his forces, and a few days after gained the memorable battle of Bannockburn, in which 30,000 of the enemy fell in the field, and reſtored the monarchy of Scotland.

The Viſion of James IV. King of Scotland, recorded by Buchannan the Hiſtorian.

James intending to meet the Engliſh on the borders of England, in his way attended veſpers at the church of St. Michael at Linlithgow. Whilſt ardently employed in his devotion, an old man, with a venerable aſpect walked along the aiſle, and reaching the Canon's ſeat where the king ſat, thus addreſſed him; "I am ſent unto thee, O king, to warn thee againſt proceeding in the war in which thou art engaged; for if thou perſevereſt in thy project thy ruin will be certain and ſudden."

Having ſo ſaid, the aged meſſenger withdrew, walking through the crowded congregation. After ſervice the king grew more inquiſitive, and earneſtly made enquiry of many byſtanders after the old man. But no body could give him the leaſt intelligence of this perſon, although many had ſeen him paſs. The queen, on the night preceding

preceding had been alarmed by a frightful dream, in which ſhe beheld her royal ſpouſe fall from a lofty precipice, and loſe one of his eyes, &c.

The king, however, would not be diſſuaded from his enterprize, but purſued his way to the field of Flodden, where he was ſlain, with a great number of his nobility and ſoldiers, Sept. 9, 1513. Some hiſtorians ſay, that he eſcaped from the battle of Flodden-Field, but was barbarouſly murdered at Hume Caſtle in his retreat.

A remarkable Dream of the Rev. Mr. Newton, rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London, told by himſelf, as the procuring cauſe of his converſion to God.

Mr. Newton, in a ſeries of letters to M. Hawies of Aldwinkle, in Northamptonſhire, has written a ſketch of his own life, which has been publiſhed in London.

This now reverend gentleman, in his early life followed the profeſſion of a mariner. In this ſituation he ſuffered many hardſhips abroad, ariſing chiefly from his own imprudence and impetuoſity. He was once puniſhed for leaving his ſhip, and afterwards went to the coaſt of Africa, where he remained in a ſtate of deplorable ſlavery.

In theſe letters appear many memorable and even miraculous deliverances from death; but his deliverence from hell was brought about by a moſt ſolemn warning, received in a dream, the moſt awful and tremendous upon record.

On his return from a dreadful captivity, one night he ſaw in a viſion, the mouth of hell opening wide to receive him alive. He heard the howlings of the unhappy in the infernal pit, and the horrible groans of the condemned criminals in Tophet's parched pit, in which is no water, under the laſhes of their callous tormentors. At this moſt alarming ſcene of woe the moſt intolerable, he expected every inſtant to be precipitated to the devouring jaws of the adamantic pit, as many forked furies approached him, amidſt the dread confuſion of his ſoul.

But juſt as the blackeſt deſpair ſeized his mind he ſaw an old man with a comely countenance, and majeſtic deportment, who addreſſed him in language, at once alarming and conſolatory, warning him to fly from the warth to come, and exhorting him to ſeek an aſylum beneath the wings of HIM who is Almighty to ſave.

When Mr. Newton awoke from the terrible ſlumber, he reſolved to be obedient to the heavenly viſion. A ſenſe of his ſins, and apprehenſion of mercy from one mighty to ſave, ſo operated upon his mind, from that period, that he never left off praying, until he ſaw himſelf ſafe on the ſalvation ſide of that river, which makes glad the city of our God.

On his landing in England, he found friends who helped him in the world; and although for a ſeries of years, by ſuch help, he returned to the ſlave trade, and as a maſter of veſſel, carried on the nefarious buſineſs, yet at length he was prevailed

vailed upon to abandon that traffic, and betake himſelf to the ſtudy of the ſacred ſcriptures. He is now an eſteemed preacher, earneſtly intreating all his auditors, who are numerous, to continue in that liberty wherewith Chriſt has made them free;—and if the ſon has made him free, then is he free indeed.

Happy are all thoſe who are warned of impending danger. The men of Nineveh will riſe in the judgment againſt ſuch as diſregard the voice that ſpeaketh from heaven.

Alexander the Great, whom we had occaſion to mention with honour in the preceding chapter, preſumptuouſly entered Babylon, where he met his fate, though warned by the wiſe men of the Eaſt. A certain augur in the army alſo ſtrove to diſſuade him from going to that city, where poiſon was preparing her baneful cup, to preſent him death in the dregs. Yea, though he himſelf ſaw Caſſander repreſented to him in a dream, as his murderer, he reſolved to purſue his way to the place where the poiſoned cup was already prepared.

Relation of a Dream, which ſaved the life of an Engliſh gentleman in Flanders.

Mr. John Smith, of London, merchant, being about buſineſs on the Continent, chanced to meet an old ſchoolfellow, who had turned Roman catholic, and received prieſt's orders. This meeting naturaly recalled their former affection and friendſhip, and regardleſs of their different religi-

ous

ous ſentiments, induced them to ſpend the evening in a manner, the moſt convivial and agreeable. This was in French Flanders, where the wine being good, they were led on almoſt inſenſibly to a midnight converſation, in which religion became the principal topic. That as is too often the caſe between perſons of a different perſuaſion, was on both ſides carried on beyond all bounds of decency. This merchant, who had read many polemical books, got the beter of the argument in favour of the reformed religion of his country, which the other had abandoned. The prieſt appeared much chagrined, and his countenance viſibly diſcovered the violent emotions of his mind. At length however, seeming to reſume his pleaſantry and good nature, he invited the merchant to breakfaſt with him the next morning at a convent over which he preſided.

They then parted apparently in the utmoſt friendſhip, and the merchant ſoon after went to bed. Falling into a ſleep, he had a dream of the moſt frightful nature. He thought he entered a den amongſt ten thouſand hiſſing ſerpents; one of them twiſted its train around his neck, and darted its ſting into his boſom. The dread of this awful ſight inſtantly awaked him, cauſed him to ſtart from his bed in the greateſt agitation. His mind during the remainder of the night was in the utmoſt agony. He again endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to ſleep, but in vain: the horror of the viſion hung upon his imagination till the ſun roſe,

roſe, when he got up and walked to a field, to receive the cheering gales which were wafting the odours from the vines and fragrant flowers.

Meeting a countryman whom he had known ſome years, and who being a military man, headed a company of ſoldiers encamped in the vicinity, the confuſion of his face diſcovered that his mind was not ſo tranquil as usual. In ſhort, to this friend he opened the whole buſineſs, who thus anſwered him; "Although I pay no regard to dreams in general, yet there is ſomething in your's ſo extremely uncommon, that I verily conſider it as omenous of evil, which muſt be avoided; but I would by no means have you to go to the convent, for it is poſſible you may reſume the topic of religion, and he is a cock that will not take it kind to be conquered on his own dunghill."

As I have promiſed, I muſt reviſit my old ſchoolfellow, ſaid the merchant. My friend, quoth the captain, if you will go, I wiſh you well out again!

Theſe words ſo ſenſibly ſtruck the mind of Mr. Smith, that he deſired the captain to call, as by accident, at the convent, juſt half an hour after the time appointed.

At nine Mr. Smith knocked at the gate of the convent, and was met by the prieſt in perſon who welcomed him to the place with every appearance of friendſhip. Then conducting him up ſtairs, they came to a door which the prieſt opened. After ſome ceremonies, they advanced along a gallery, at the end of which, where two folding doors

doors, which, on the prieſt's ringing a bell, flew open, and preſented a fire, with two ruffian-looking fellows, with inſtruments of torture in their hands.

The merchant that inſtant gave himſelf up for loſt, and in vain remonſtrated with his falſe friend, who, calling him heretic, and other approbrious names, commanded the villians in waiting inſtantly to perform their buſineſs.

Juſt at that moment a dreadful and loud alarm was given below; which greatly ſurpriſing the prieſt, he went to know the cauſe of it. The ruffians followed him, leaving the merchant alone, who imagining that ſome ſufferers had gained the maſtery over their tormentors, had courage enough to run down ſtairs, at the bottom of which he was moſt agreeably ſurpriſed to meet his friend the captain, with a file of muſqueteers. who inſtantly took the merchant in to their protection, and ſafely conducted him from the convent to the inn; where the captain declared, that he was obliged to break open the door before he could gain admittance to his protection.

CHAP. III.

The emphatical well atteſted Tale of Mrs. Veal.

ON a Saturday, a little before noon, Mrs. Bargrave, the wife of a barriſter at law, of Canterbury, being alone in her own houſe in that city, heard

heard ſomebody knock at the door, and going out found to her aſtoniſhment that it was her old friend Mrs. Veal, with whom ſome time before ſhe had been very intimately acquainted.

After expreſſing her ſurpriſe to ſee ſo great a ſtranger, Mrs. Bargrave offered to ſalute her; but the other declined that ceremony, hanging down her head, and ſaying, *I am not well.*

She was dreſſed in a ſilk dove coloured riding gown, with French night-cloaths, and appeared the ſame without alteration. Mrs. Bargrave remembered to have heard her ſteps diſtinctly as ſhe walked into the parlour.

On being aſked by Mrs. Bargrave, where ſhe was going in that dreſs? ſhe anſwered—*I am a going my journey.* This was underſtood then by the other to be her uſual journey to Tunbridge.

Mrs. Veal then began to enquire why Mrs. Bargrave, looked ſo ill. She replied, I have been thinking of the ſad misfortunes which my huſband has brought upon me by his inhumanity. I muſt now act the part of a friend to you, as you often have done to me; and ſo immediately entered upon ſome conſolatory diſcourſe drawn from religion.

Mrs. Bargrave, moved by the converſation, by a ſudden turn of her chair, chanced to throw down from a ſhelf Drelincourt's Treatiſe on Death. —I ſee ſaid Mrs. Veal, you keep on in your old way of reading, which if you continue to do, will not fail to bring you to the happy condition the

author

author of that book ſpeaks of. The other mentioning Dr. Sherlock, and ſome others on that ſubject. Mrs. Veal replied, Drelincourt has the cleareſt notions of death, and neither Dr. Sherlock, or any other on that ſubject, are comparable to him.

Dear Mrs. Bargarve, continued Mrs. Veal, if the eyes of our faith where but as open as our bodily eyes, we ſhould ſee innumerable angels about us for our guard.—Believe me, my dear friend, one moment of future happineſs will be more than amends for all our ſufferings: nor yet can I believe that God will ſuffer you to ſpend all your days in this afflicted condition, but be aſſured your troubles will leave you, or you them, in a ſhort time.

Mrs. Bargrave's huſband dying about two years after, made her reflect upon this part of her diſcourſe as pointed to her deliverance from his brutality.

To divert the diſcourſe, Mrs. Bargrave aſked her if ſhe had ſeen a copy of verſes on friendſhip, written by Mrs. Norris, in a dialogue between Damon and Pithias. She ſaid, I have ſeen other parts of her works, but not that. Mrs. Bargrave ſaid, I have them of my own writing; and the other deſiring to ſee them, ſhe went up ſtairs, and brought them down to her to read; but Mrs. Veal ſaid, it is your own ſcrawl, pray read it yourſelf, for holding down my head, will make it ach; ſo Mrs. Bargrave read them. There was a paſſage that friendſhip ſurvives after death, which the other deſired

deſired to have repeated, and ſaid, Mrs. Bargrave, the poets call heaven by a ſtrange name, that is Elyſium, and added, with a particular emphaſis, that their friendſhip ſhould have no end in a future world.

There are ſome, ſaid ſhe, who think that women have no ſouls, and make it a thing indifferent whether they have any religion or no; but we ſhall be found to have ſouls as well as men, and are not a little obliged to a certain divine, who is of opinion that they ſhall make the greater number of the happy.

Some diſcourſe they had upon charity, with reſpect to our differences in religion; as to which ſhe ſaid people had but little religion while they talked ſo much about it, and were ſo little influenced by it, in their temper and practice, and when they were all going to heaven, were to blame to fall out by the way. This part of their converſation laſted near an hour and an half, part in Engliſh and part in French. All this time Mrs. Bargrave obſerved nothing particular but the vehemence of her diſcourſe. When ſhe looked earneſtly at her, ſhe rubbed her eyes, and aſked her if her fits had not quite altered her ſenſes; to which Mrs. Bargrave replied, I think I never ſaw you look better in your life.

Mrs. Veal then aſked her, what was become of her huſband; and being told he was abroad ſhe ſaid I wiſh he may not come home while I am here; for though he has always treated me with reſpect, yet I have been ſometimes frightened

with his frolics. Mrs. Bargrave then aſked if ſhe would drink tea?—I warrant you, ſaid the other, this madam has broke all your trinkets. Mrs. Bargrave replied, I will, get ſomething to drink in for all that. I will if I want it, ſaid the other.

At laſt ſhe had great apprehenſion of her fits, and ſaid, in caſe I ſhould die of them, I deſire you to write to your brother, and tell him I would fain have him do ſuch and ſuch things, viz. Give my beſt cloaths to your uncle Watſon's daughter, as alſo two ſmall peices of gold, laid up in a cabinet in a purſe. She then directed her to give ſo many pieces to another perſon; two rings to Mr. Bretton, commiſſioner of the cuſtoms; a ring to Major General Sibourg, of which Mrs. Bargrave ſent him a letter, and further deſired to charge her brother, to take no intereſt of ſuch a perſon whom ſhe had a kindneſs for, whoſe plate ſhe had in ſecurity.

As ſhe often preſſed this meſſage, the other as often declined it; ſaying it would be diſagreeable to trouble ſuch a young gentleman, as her brother was, with their converſation, that he would wonder at her impertinence, and that ſhe had better do it herſelf.

Mrs. Veal replied, though it may appear impertinent now, you will ſee the reaſon hereafter. —My brother, though a ſober man, and free from other vices, is vain, and I deſire you would tell him ſo, as alſo our converſation. Here, in order to give credit to Mrs. Bargrave, ſhe told her of a ſecret of conſequence, between him and herſelf.

ſeeing

Seeing her quite importunate, Mrs. Bargrave fetched pen and ink; upon which the other ſaid, let it alone till I am gone, but be ſure you do it.

This kind of diſcourſe gave Mrs. Bargrave apprehenſions of a returning fit; ſo that ſhe drew the chair cloſe to her, to keep her from falling. She ſeveral times took hold of the ſleeve of her gown, which Mrs. Veal told her was ſcoured the ſecond time, and the other commended it for a pretty ſilk.

Mrs. Veal ſaid, you had better take it for yourſelf. You are going a journey; how will you do without it? replied Mrs. Bargrave. As well as you, who have often taken off your gown from your back for me, ſaid Mrs. Veal.

She informed Mrs. Bargrave that Mr. Bretton, commiſſioner of the cuſtoms above mentioned, had given her a penſion of ten pounds a year, and alſo that the ſame gentleman had proved her friend and generous benefactor.

She aſked Mrs. Bargrave, if ſhe knew her ſiſter Mrs. Haſlewood, who, ſhe ſaid, was coming to ſee her as ſhe was taking her journey. The other expreſſed a ſurpriſe at her ordering matters ſo ſtrangely. She ſaid the houſe was ready for them.

It proved, as Mrs. Bargrave afterwards was informed, that Mrs. Haſlewood and her huſband came to her houſe at Dover, juſt as ſhe was dying.

She now began to look dreadfully diſordered, as if acting a part to prevent a ſuſpicion in Mrs. Bargrave

Bargrave of knowing her real ſituation. The viſit appears to have been the effect of gratitude, and the ſeveral circumſtances which appear in the converſation were introduced as credentials of her actual appearance.

Having enquired for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter, who then was at ſchool, and expreſſing a deſire to ſee her, that lady went out to a neighbour's houſe, to ſend for her, and on her return found Mrs. Veal without the door in readineſs to be gone.

Mrs. Veal aſked if ſhe would go with her, which the other took to be to Captain Watſon's in Canterbury, and ſaid, you know it is as much as my life is worth, but I will ſee you to morrow in the afternoon, after ſermon; but why are you in ſuch haſte? Mrs. Veal then ſaid, in caſe you ſhould not come, or ſhould not ſee me, you will remember what I have ſaid to you.

She now ſaw her walk off, till ſhe came to the turning of a corner, and then loſt ſight of her.

Mrs. Bargrave at that inſtant told a neighbour of Mrs. Veal's viſit, and the matter of their converſation; and a neighbour's ſervant, from a yard near her window, heard part of the diſcourſe; and being aſked by her miſtreſs, if Mr. Bargrave was talking with his wife? made an anſwer, that he never talked of any thing ſo good.

At night her huſband came home, turned her out of the houſe in a frolic, and cauſed her to remain in the garden all night. Happy it was, that ſhe then had no apprehenſion, that the perſon to whom ſhe had talked ſo long the preceding day, was the ghoſt of Mrs. Veal, who died at Dover the ſame morning.

Miſs

Miſs Pringle's Appearance at two far diſtant Places at nearly the ſame Time. From the MS. of a Miniſter of the Church of Scotland.

MRS. JANE LOWE, houſe-keeper to Robert Pringle, Eſq. of Cliſton Park, in the ſouth of Scotland, in the year 1745, beheld the apparition of a lady walking in the avenue of the Hale, on the margin of a rivulet, which runs into Hale-water. The form exactly repreſented a daughter of her maſter, a young lady who had long been abroad in the South of France for the recovery of her health.

As Mrs. Lowe walked nearer the water the ſimilitude of the phantom appeared perfectly plain, and ſeeing her maſter in a field adjoining, ſhe communicated to him her obſervation. Mr. Pringle laughed and ſaid, "You ſimple woman, that lady is Mrs. Peggy Chattow, of Moorbattle, going no doubt to bathe in the water." However, Mrs. Lowe prevailed upon him to accompany her to the place, which they had nearly reached, when the apparition inſtantly ſprung into the rivulet, and was no more ſeen.

Mr. Pringle, and his ſervant, on returning home appriſed the family of the viſion, and were heartily laughed at for their pains. The Miniſter of the pariſh, the Rev. Mr. Turnbull, happened to breakfaſt that morning at the Park, with Clifton and his family, who joined in the ridicule.

About three months after, the ſame reverend gentleman honoured the family again with his

company; when, ſtanding at a window in a low-room, he obſerved a poor ragged lame man ſlowly approaching the houſe. Here comes a *real* apparition, cried the Miniſter, with a contemptous ſmile. This drew the attention of all preſent, and Mr. Pringle himſelf quickly recognized the perſon of his ſecond ſon, whom he had not ſeen for many years.

On his arrival he ſoon convinced them that he was no ghoſt, declaring that he had narrowly escaped with his life from Tunis, in the vicinity of which he had long been a ſlave to the Algerines, but was happily ranſomed at the critical moment when he was ordered to be put to death for mutiny.

He added, that on his return home through France, he called at the place where he had heard his ſiſter reſided, and, to his unſpeakable grief, found that ſhe died on the 25th of May the ſame ſummer, about five in the morning, which he declared was the preciſe time when he was delivered from the jaws of death, and the moment when he beheld his ſiſter ſmiling upon him.

Mrs. Lowe, who was preſent in the room, on hearing the ſon's declaration, broke out into rapture, exclaiming, "That was the very hour and morning on which Mr. Pringle and me ſaw the apparition of Mrs. Pringle!"

The following Fact recently appeared on the Evidence of a Youth, at the Old Baily Seſſions.

The young man, being a ſervant to a ſilk mercer in New Street, Covent-garden, was, on Sunday, entruſted with the ſole care of the houſe. In the evening, having, as he thought, properly ſecured the houſe, he ventured out to an evening lecture in the city. He had not been long preſent, when, by an unaccountable emotion in his mind, he imagined all was not ſafe at home. At the firſt he paid but little regard to the ſecret intimation, but the idea of a robbery continuing to operate upon his fancy, he was at length prevailed upon to retire, and return home immediately. On his arrival at the corner of New-ſtreet, he obſerved the door unbarred and half open. On ruſhing into the ſhop, two men ran paſt him with the greateſt precipitation; he followed faſt, gave the alarm, and they were ſtopped, and ſecured in the watch-houſe.

All the moſt valuable goods in the ſhop, to the amount of ſeveral hundred pounds, were packed up. Several implements of houſe breaking were found on the theives and in the ſhop; and the miſcreants, who were old offenders, were committed, tried, convicted, and executed for the burglary.

Certainly an inviſible Miniſter of Juſtice moved the mind of this young man, which, like the vapour in the brain of King Ahaſurus, the Perſian, would not ſuffer him to remain at reſt till the property

perty of his employer was happily preſerved, his own integrity diſplayed, and the offenders puniſhed.

CHAP. IV.

A wonderful Preſervation of Life by the Ghoſt of a poor Man, juſt deceaſed.

MR. WESTON, of Old Swinford, in Worceſterſhire, was walking one evening in the ſummer of 1759, in the Park of Lord Lyttelton, at Hagley, and being overtaken by a ſudden ſhower, fled for ſhelter into a grotto, and ſtood under a ſpreading oak, under the ſhade of which ſeveral cattle were ſtanding.

He had not been ten minutes in that ſituation, before he beheld the form of a man paſs over the brook, almoſt cloſe to the ſhade. Suppoſing it to be a poor peaſant who had long worked for him, he called upon him by name, but received no anſwer; and the apparition inſtantly becoming inviſible he found his mind much agitated.

Regardleſs of the ſtorm, Mr. Weſton, removed from the place where he had ſought an aſylum, and ran round a riſing hill, in order to diſcover the form which had juſt preſented itſelf. That however, had not the effect deſired, but one abundantly more ſalutary it certainly had; for, juſt as he had gained the ſummit of the hill, on his return to the gotto, a tremendous flaſh of lightning darted its forked fury on the venerable oak, ſhivering it to pieces, and killed two of the cattle beneath its branches.

On Mr. Weſton's return to Swinford he found the death of the labourer juſt announced in the neighbourhood, when he told the tale of his ſupernatural preſervation to his friends, who, on the ground of his known veracity, could not refuſe it credit. He ſaw the body of the peaſant decently interred at his own expence, and afterwards contributed to the ſupport of the widow, not only by remitting a year's rent for her piece of ground and cottage, but alſo by ſettling upon her a ſmall annuity during her widowhood.

We have told this tale ſimply as it was related by Mr. Weſton, and leave the reader to make his own reflections on ſo marvellous an interpoſition of Divine Providence; without deciding in this or any other caſe, whether the form that appeared was the ſoul of the deceaſed, exerting its philanthropy in its flight to the unknown regions, or the gaurdian angel of that ſoul returning to produce his account at the bar of the ſupreme.

When Peter was redeemed from death, being freed from priſon by a power miraculous, he viſited the aſſembly of the ſaints, who could hardly believe that their eyes beheld their apoſtle, but ſaid *it is his angel.* This proves that the notion of miniſtring ſpirits prevailed in the earlieſt ages of Chriſtianity; a notion which not only accords with many paſſages of the Old but alſo of the New Teſtament.

The

The wonderful Converſion of Colonel Gardiner, atteſted by the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, and the Rev. Mr. Spears.

The Colonel having ſpent the Lord's day evening in a gay company, made an unhappy appointment to meet a married woman exactly at twelve o'clock. The company broke up about eleven, and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time, went into his chamber, as he ſaid, to kill time with ſome book or other amuſement.

It providentially happened that he took up a religious treatiſe, which either his mother or aunt had ſlipped into the portmanteau. The book was called "The Chriſtian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm," written by Mr. Watſon; and gueſſing by the title of it he ſhould find ſome phraſes of his profeſſion, ſpiritualized in ſuch a manner as might afford him ſome divertion (as he ſaid) he reſolved to dip into it a few minutes, but yet he took no particular notice of any thing he read in it: but on a ſudden, while the book was open in his hand, there was preſented, to his ſight, in a very lively manner, not to his imagination only, but to his bodily eyes, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt upon the Croſs, ſurrounded by a refulgent light and glory, and that a voice was impreſſed upon him in words to this effect: "O ſinner, did I ſuffer all this for thee? and are theſe the returns?"

"Struck with ſo amazing a phœnomenon," ſaid he to Dr. Doddridge, who wrote the life of the

the Colonel, "there remained hardly any life in me; I ſunk down into an arm chair on which I ſat, and ſo continued, I know not how long, quite inſenſible." Whether in a ſleep or not he could not ſay; but after a while he opened his eyes, and ſaw nothing more than uſual; nor did he, during the night, as he declared, once recollect that criminal and deteſtable aſſignation, which had before engroſſed all his thoughts.

He then roſe from the chair in a tumult of paſſion not to be conceived, and walked to and fro in his chamber, till he was ready to drop down in unutterable anguiſh; now appearing to himſelf as the vileſt monſter. All his ſins paſſed before him in array; at the ſame time he was not without his pleaſing apprehenſions of the mercy of God in Chriſt Jeſus, who died to ſave the chief of ſinners.

From that period, which was about the middle of July, 1719, his life and manners were viſibly altered, having ever after the higheſt veneration for the cauſe of God, and the utmoſt reverence for his ſacred name. He was after his converſion, highly favoured with many manifeſtations of the divine favour, and never after doubted of his ſalvation through the redeemer. His delight was with the eminent ſervants of the moſt High, and the Rev. Mr. George Whitfield, as well as thoſe Reverend Gentlemen named in the beginning of this narrative, never mentioned the Colonel's name but with the higheſt reſpect.

The Colonel had alſo, in a dream, a foreſight of

of his death, as he himſelf thus related: "I thought I ſaw my Saviour walking over a great field, and the Lord turned round and ſmiled upon me, ſo that I never after doubted of his aid and protection, nor in my intereſt in his precious blood."

The field, which the good Colonel ſaw in the viſion, was the plain of Preſton Pans, where a battle was fought in September, 1745, between the royal army and the rebels, in which our Chriſtian hero was mortally wounded in ſight of his own houſe, which he exchanged for the houſe in which are many manſions.

Death in the Pot, a Revelation to Thomas Lilly, of Scotland.

On the firſt Sabbath day of the year 1749, a young man, the ſon of a farmer in the pariſh of Kelſo, in Roxburgſhire, intended for the Church, and who had made no ſmall progreſs in literature, remained at home to keep the houſe in company with a ſhepherd's boy and a maid ſervant, all the reſt of the family being gone to church. The youthful ſtudent and the boy being ſitting by the fire, whilſt the maid was gone to the well to draw ſome water, a venerable old gentlemen, clad in an antique garb, preſented himſelf, and after ſome little ceremony, deſired the ſtudent to take up the Family Bible, which lay on a great cheſt that ſerved for a table, and turn over to a certain chapter and verſe, in the ſecond book of kings. The youth did ſo, and read theſe words: "There is *death* in the pot."

Upon

Upon this the aged ſtranger, with apparent agitation, pointed to the great family pot, then employed in boiling beef and pudding on the fire, declaring that the maid had actually caſt a quantity of arſenic into it, with intent to poiſon the whole family, to the end ſhe might rob the houſe of an hundred guineas, which ſhe knew her maſter had lately taken for ſheep and grain that he had diſpoſed of.

Juſt as he had ſo ſaid the damſel returned to the door, announcing her approach by the noiſe of the nails in her ſhoe heels.—The old man ſaid, "Remember my warning, and ſave the lives of the family!"—and that inſtant diſappeared.

The maid now came in with a ſmiling countenance, emptied her pail, and returned to the well for a freſh ſupply. Mean while young Lilly put ſome oatmeal into a wooden diſh, ſkimmed the pot of the fat, and mixed it for what is called crowdy.—"Come, Peggy," ſaid he to the maid, on her return from the well, "here is enough left for you. Are you not fond of crowdy?" She ſmiled, took up the diſh, and reaching a horn ſpoon, withdrew to the back room. The ſhepherd's dog followed her unſeen by the boy; and the poor animal, on the diſh being ſet down by the girl, fell a victim to his voracious appetite; for, before the return of the family from ſermon, it was enormouſly ſwelled, and died in great agony.

The ſtudent enjoined the boy to remain quite paſſive for the preſent; mean while Lilly attempted to ſhew his ingenuity in reſoving the

cauſe of the canine cataſtrophe into a fit of inſanity, in order to keep the damſel in countenance, till a fit opportunity preſented itſelf for a diſcovery.

Soon after, his father, mother, brothers, ſiſters, with all the reſt of the men and maid ſervants, returned home from Kelſo, all hungering *after* the word, and ready to ſit down around the ruſtic table.

The board was inſtantly repleniſhed with wooden bowls and trenchers, while a heap of barley bannocks graced the top. The kail or broth, infuſed with leeks or winter cabbage, was poured fourth in plenty, and Peggy, with a prodigal hand, filled all the diſhes with that homely dainty of Tiviotdale.

The maſter began grace, and all hats and bonnets were inſtantly removed. " OLord," prayed the maſter of the aſſembly, " we have been hearing thy gracious word from the mouth of thy aged ſervant, Mr. Ramſay ; and have been alarmed by a deſcription of the awful famine in Samaria, and of death being in the pot!"——

" Yes, father !" exclaimed the ſtudent," there is death even now in theſe diſhes, filled from that pot ! as much to be dreaded as the poiſoned pot in Iſrael of old !—Touch not ! taſte not ! ſee the poor dog dead by the broſe !"

"What, "cried the father, " have you been raiſing the devil by your conjuration ? " Is this, Sir, the effect of your fine learning ? " No Sir, " ſaid the youth, I pretend to no ſuch arts as magic and necromancy;

necromancy; but behold this day, as the boy can teſtify, I had a ſolemn warning from one whom I take to be no dæmon, but a good angel; ſince to him we all owe our lives. As to Peggy, according to his intimation, ſhe it is who has poiſoned the pot, for the cruel purpoſe of deſtroying the whole family root and branch, ſaving herſelf.

Here the girl fell into a ſudden fit, from which with ſome trouble being recovered, ſhe confeſſed the whole of her deadly deſign, and was ſuffered to withdraw from the houſe, and her native country, to meet her fate elſewere: which ſhe ſoon after did at New-Caſtle upon Tyne, which being condemned for murdering her own baſtard child, ſhe again confeſſed her intention in the above diabolical buſineſs.

CHAP. V.

Mr. Thomas Lilly and the Ghoſt of his Grandfather, a Tale of the eighteenth Century.

ABOUT the beginning of 1750, Mr. Thomas Lilly, the ſtudent recorded in the laſt chapter, was one day reading the 20th chapter of the Revelation of John the Divine. Juſt as he was entering upon that part, which deſcribes the angel deſcending from heaven, with a great chain in his hand, to bind the Devil for a thouſand years, *after which he was to be looſed a little*, a very venerable old perſonage appeared at his elbow. The young man

man fell on the floor, but quickly aroſe, and demanded whom he was, and the nature of his buſineſs. Shall I call thee Satan, the crooked ſerpent, Belzebub, or Lucifer ſon of the morning.

Ghoſt. I am a meſſenger ariſen from the dead, to behold juſtice done to thee and thy father, I am the ſpirit of one of thy anceſtors!

Lilly. Art thou the ſon of my grand-father, who amidſt unaccounted riches, periſhed for want of food and raiment.

Ghoſt. Thou art right, verily. Money was my God, and Mammon, my maſter. The gold of Ophir I heaped up like Solomon; but poſſeſſed none of his wiſdom to uſe it as the bleſſing of heaven.

Lilly. I have often heard my father mentton you, as a ſordid, avaricious, miſerable man.—How diſpoſed you of the immenſe wealth which you where ſaid to have accumulated by infinite toil, drudgery, and ſelf-mortification?

Ghoſt. It is for the moſt part concealed in a field, in the farm of your father. My will is, that you ſhould be the ſole poſſeſſor of the treaſure, without ſuffering your father to know from whence originated your riches.—Do not you remember my face ſince the begining of the laſt year?

Lilly. Are you the old Gentleman whoſe timely warning ſaved the lives of all our family?

Ghoſt. I am. Think not, therefore, your father ill rewarded already.

Lilly. How ſhall I be able to account to him for

for the immediate accumulation of ſo much money as you ſeem to mention?

Ghoſt. Twenty thouſand pounds good ſterling money, as ever filled the bags of a banker!

Lilly. You ſeem even now, in your diſembodied ſtate, to feel much emotion at the mention of ſo much money.

Ghoſt. But alas! I cannot now touch the money of mortals; elſe would I wing my way to the Bank of England, or the mines of Mexico, and with gold beſtow a ſuperior glory on my native land.—Follow me out to the field, and I will point out the preciſe place, where you are to dig for the delightful, precious, golden God of thy grandfather.

Here the apparition ſtalked fourth round the barn yard, Lilly followed him dreadleſs and undiſmayed, till he came to a field about three furlongs from his father's houſe; when the ghoſt ſtood ſtill at a certain point, wheeled thrice round, and then vaniſhed into air.

This proved to be the very ſpot, where Lilly and his youthful companions had often ſported, being a hollow place whence ſtone had formerly been taken to build the ancient monaſtry of Kelſo. He loſt but little time in conſideration; for having procured a pick-axe and ſpade, he employed a moonlight evening in ſearch of the treaſure, with the deſired ſucceſs.

However, having made the diſcovery, and not being able to apply it to immediate uſe, as he was then but nineteen, he found himſelf obliged to tell

his mother of the adventure, and ſhe told her ſiſter in-law, and the whole buſineſs came to the knowledge of the farmer himſelf. He ſent his ſon to the Univerſity of Edinburgh, and ſettled upon him an handſome fortune; which, with the ſtipend and glebe, which he now enjoys as a miniſter, together with the manſe, has ever ſince rendered him reſpectable, and enabled him to perform many acts of charity in that country, as many to this day can teſtify.

The pots in which the money was depoſited, are ſtill in the poſſeſſion of the parſon, and have often been ſhewn as curioſities, hardly to be equalled in the rarities of Tiviotdale.

Oliver Cromwell.

The Rev. Mr. Durant of Hagley, told the following ſtory of Oliver Cromwell, to a noble and numerous auditory, at his own church, in the winter of 1757:

Previous to the battle of Dunbar in Scotland, the devil appeared at midnight to the general, aſſuring him of ſucceſs in the engagement againſt the Covenanters, on condition that he would enter into a compact with him, ſolely to reſign himſelf to his dominion. This covenant was mutually agreed upon, ſigned and counterſigned by the contracting parties, and dated Sept. 3, 1650.

The tenor of this agreement was, that Oliver, on that day twelve months ſhould renew the ſame, and in conſequence again prove ſucceſsful in the defeat of the young king.

It is certain that Oliver actually carried an entire victory at Dunbar the ſame day; it is equally true, that he overcame the royal party at Worceſter in the year following, and on the 3d of September; and it is equally certain, that the great Protector died on the 3d of September, exactly ſeven years after the battle of Worceſter.

Omenous Preſages relative to the memorable Miſs Mary Blandy, who was executed at Oxford in April 1752, for the Murder of her father. Found among the Manuſcripts of the late Rev. Mr. Blandy, her Uncle.

A few days before the death of Mrs. Blandy, ſeveral aweful preſages alarmed the family. A grand chorus of muſic was heard by the daughter and ſeveral of the ſervants at midnight, as if proceeding from the garden. This muſical noiſe was ſucceeded by three diſtinct knocks on the window of Miſs Blandy's chamber, adjoining to that of her mother. Meanwhile, though the old lady was inſenſible of theſe ſounds, ſhe was horribly affrighted by a dream, in which ſhe beheld her huſband quaffing a cup of liquid, adminiſtered by her daughter. Preſently ſhe thought he ſwelled to a monſter, and ſoon expired in agony not to be expreſſed by language.

When ſhe awoke in the morning, ſhe told the dreadful dream to the nurſe who attended her, and the next day ſhe died.—This happened about two years before the murder of Mr. Blandy, of which he himſelf had ſeveral preſages.

The

The ſtory of that dreadful parricide is briefly as follows:

Mr. Blandy, of Henly upon Thames, was an attorney of ſome eminence, and by his practice had accumulated ſeveral thouſand pounds. On this occaſion he uſed a kind of pious fraud, by giving out his daughters fortune to be no leſs then thirty thouſand pounds. Captain William Cranſton, brother to Lord Cranſton of Scotland, a little before the death of Mr. Blandy's ſpouſe, was upon a recruiting party in Oxfordſhire, and hearing the fame of the young lady's fortune found means to introduce himſelf to the family.

He ſoon gained an aſcendancy over the mother, and Miſs herſelf ſoon diſcovered a ſenſible feeling for the ſoldier. But there happened to be an almoſt inſuperable obſtacle in the way of their mutual felicity. The Captain had been privately married in Scotland. This, however, he hoped to overcome, by obtaining a decree in his favour from the High Court of Seſſion; eſpecially as the marriage had never been conſumated. His expectation was but ill founded, and a long time elapſed without bringing his cauſe to iſſue. Indeed Mr. Blandy by no means would give his conſent to the union of his child, with one who, however honorable by birth, was capable of acting derogatory to religion and humanity.

The mother, as has been ſeen, ſuddenly departed this life. The father remained inexorable; ſo that the captain may be ſaid to have a great gulph between him and happpineſs,—over which he reſolved to paſs. This,

This, as may be well ſuppoſed, ſet the ſanguine ſoul of the ſoldier on an arduous undertaking. He found the affection of the lady, for a profligate about double her age, perfectly agreeable to his deſire, and determined to impoſe on her eaſy nature, in procuring the conſent of her father, by magically mingling a kind of love powder with his tea.

The lady declined obeying the injunction of her amorous Captain, on account of a dream, in which ſhe ſaw her father fall into the ocean from a precipice. The Captain wrote to her again, and diſcovered his deſign in words rather enigmatical but eaſily underſtood.—In fine he found means to perſuade Miſs Blandy, that ſomething muſt be done to facilitate their union, though even by *foreign* the affection of her father.

At length the lady ſaw the buſineſs in the ſame light with the Captain. Her fancy was inflamed, and ſhe was even heard to utter this dreadful expreſſion; "Who would not ſend an old fellow to hell for thirty thouſands pounds!"

The die was caſt. The powder mingled. The father taſted; complained too late. His body was enormouſly ſwelled. His laſt words hung upon Mary—crying, alas! you have killed your father! Of this I was warned—O fly! O take care of the Captain! So he died a melancholy ſpectacle.

The lady was taken as attempting to withdraw from Henly, and was committed to the Caſtle of Oxford. She denied the deſign of poiſoning her father to the laſt moment of her life.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Apparition of Miſer Booty, running into a burning Furnace on the ſide of a Mountain. Extracted from the Records of Weſtminſter.

THREE ſea Captains, named Barnaby, Briſſow, and Brewer, ſailed together for the Iſland of Luſara, and being come to anchor there, all three went on ſhore to ſhoot curliews, a large bird, on Mount Strombolo. Theſe gentlmen alſo had a Mr. Bell in their company, merchant of Wentworth.—Whilſt in that ſituation, they ſaw two men running with great ſwiftneſs. Captain Barnaby cried out, "Lord bleſs me! the foremoſt man is Mr. Booty, my near neighbour in London." He had on grey cloaths, with cloth buttons of the ſame. The other was in black. They both ran ſtraight into the burning mountain, and at the inſtant they entered, there was heard by theſe gentlemen, a noiſe the moſt hideous that can be imagined.

On their return on board, they accurately minuted down the ſtrange tranſaction, inſerting the preciſe time, viz. 10 o'clock, May 6, 1672.

When they arrived at Graveſend in the October following, Captain Barnaby went on ſhore, and met a particular friend, who after welcoming him home, ſaid, "I can tell you ſome news; old Booty is dead." "That we all know," replied the Captain, "for we ſaw him run into hell." By this

this he ſaid he meant the burning mountain, which ſo much as he imagined, reſembled that place of fire and brimſtone.

This ſaying coming to the ear of Mrs. Booty, ſhe entered an action againſt Captain Barnaby, laying the damages in the declaration, at a thouſand pounds, being for ſcandal.

This cauſe being tried in the court of King's Bench, the two other captains, Mr. Bell, and ſuch of the ſeamen who beheld the horrible ſight at Mount Strombolo, were called, and upon oath declared, that they ſaw Booty actually run, or was driven by his ſable companion into the burning mountain; alſo depoſing that they ſaw a coat with buttons, ſuch as thoſe were produced in court.

The preciſe time of his death which the plaintiff's witneſſes pointed out, exactly agreed with the minutes which they ſwore to, as made the moment they returned on board their veſſel, and which alſo appeared accurately inſerted in their journals.

When all theſe witneſſes were examined, the counſel for the plaintiff replied, and the chief Juſtice gave his charge to the Jury with much impartiality and candour. Towards the cloſe of his charge he thus exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon us! Though one or two might be deceived, we cannot ſuppoſe that above thirty could be miſtaken." *Verdict for the Defendant.*

Apparition

Apparition of the learned Henry Jacob.

Henry Jacob, of Merton College, Oxon, died in 1673. About a week after, his couſin, Dr. Jacob, of Canterbury, being in his bed and broad awake, the moon ſhining clearly, ſaw Henry Jacob, ſtanding by his bed, as in his ſhirt, and a white cap on his head. His beard which he uſed to wear in a particular form, exactly reſembled that form alive.

On the firſt appearance the Doctor could hardly believe his eyes, and therefore roſe up, and after viewing more diſtinctly, was perfectly perſuaded that he actually ſaw the apparition of his couſin Henry.

When the Doctor went down ſtairs, rather relenting his want of reſolution in not ſpeaking to the ghoſt, he was relating the ſtory to thoſe of the family who were in the kitchen, when the cook-maid, who was juſt coming in from the wood-ſtack, declared with much trepidation, that ſhe had ſeen a ghoſt in a ſhirt on top of the pile of wood.

The late Rev. Mr. John Weſley.

About a month before the death of that celebrated preacher, a young man of his connections in Yorkſhire, dreamed that he ſaw him departing this life, and delivering a farewel ſermon to a numerous congregation, previous to his departure. The young man ſoon after coming to London, communicated the dream to that divine, who appeared not a little moved at the relation.

Dream

Dream of the Mother of Captain Porteus.

In the ſtudy of an eminent divine in the church of Scotland, was lately found a manuſcript, relating a very remarkable dream, with which, and the memorable fulfilment of it, we preſent the reader, as poſitively authentic.

A lady, married about a half a year, ſaw one day at noon, in a viſion, the embryo in her womb ariſe to an elevated ſituation in ſociety, then having a command over ſoldiers; afterwards dragged to a dungeon, tried for murder, condemned, pardoned, and ſoon after torn to pieces by an enraged populace. After this, much confuſion aroſe in the country, even until the name of her ſon, on whoſe account the confuſion came, rendered odious and deteſtable.

The child, agreeable to the prediction, proved a ſon. Much care was taken of his education at one of the public ſchools of Edinburgh. When he grew up he diſcovered a ſtrong inclination for travelling, and, going abroad without the conſent of his parents, entered into the King's ſervice. Obtaining at length his diſcharge, he reſided for ſome years in London; all the while totally unmindful of his filial duty, and indeed never taking the leaſt notice of his parents, who then lived in a recluſe ſituation, about ten miles weſt from Edinburgh; to which city the hero of our ſtory returned about the year 1735, and was through the intereſt of a gentleman, ſoon after appointed to the command of the City Guard.

It will not perhaps be thought an anticipation of our ſtory, to inform the reader, that this perſon was no leſs a character than the notified Captain Porteus.

One day, as the Captain was muſtering his men in a field not far from the city, a man of Muſſelburgh, who was reputed to poſſeſs the ſecond ſight, preſented himſelf. The Captain called the augur aſide, and required him to foretell his deſtiny. The filly ſoothſayer, with much reluctancy, informed the curious enquirer, that he ſhould one day be a midnight *Graſs market-man.* This threw the officer into a paſſion, and had not the ſage ſoftened his ſentence, by beſtowing another turn on the prophecy, he might have received a ſound flagellation from a fellow of his tyrannical diſpoſition.

Soon after two notorious ſmugglers were condemned to die at Edinburgh, for breaking into the King's ſtore-houſe at Leith, and recovering thoſe goods which had been taken from them by the officers of the revenue. Theſe men on the Sunday previous to their appointed period of execution, were conducted to one of the churches under a guard, as was then uſual. During the ſermon, notwithſtanding the vigilance of Captain Porteus, one of the priſoners effected his eſcape, and got clear off. The other, on the Wedneſday following, was executed in the Graſs-market, much contrary to the wiſh of the populace. As ſoon as the man was turned off, the boys began to pelt the executioner, when the impetous captain,

tain, who then attended with a ſtrong party, commanded the men to level their pieces, and follow his example. On this he ſnatched the firelock of a private man, and fired at a young gentleman of a good family in the Highlands, and killed him on the ſpot. The men then inſtantly diſcharged their muſkets, and killed ſeveral of the citizens, who were beholding from their windows the lamentable ſpectacle.

The Captain was ſeized by order of the Lord Provoſt, and conducted to the Tolbooth. He was afterwards tried and found guilty on the cleareſt evidence. He then received ſentence of death, and his execution was fixed for a certain day.

It was now his mother, who alone was living, heard of the awful ſituation of a man, whom ſhe knew to be her ſon, by a letter which he ſent her during his trouble. The lady, readily recollecting her dream, flew to Edinburgh in the utmoſt diſtreſs, and would certinly have been quite diſtracted had ſhe not heard, from a quarter where much confidence might be placed, that great intereſt was making at London in favour of the captain.

In a few days a reſpite actually arrived from the Queen (for George II. was then at Hanover), with a peremptory order to ſecure the Captain in the Caſtle. This quite altered the face of affairs with both the Captain and his mother, who began to ridicule the prediction in the dream and the ſoothſayer. That evening they made merry with ſeveral of their friends in the priſon, till the

the Captain was caſt into a ſtate of inebriation, and conſequently unprepared to meet the awful fate which yet awaited him.

In this he was not unlike the Eaſtern Monarch, who beheld amidſt his banquet the hand writing on the wall. The people reſolved that his life ſhould not ſurpaſs the original day appointed for his execution, and that was the next, in which he expected to meet an aſylum in the caſtle. At midnight he was alarmed with a report that the youths of the city were up in arms, diſguiſed in women's apparel, and determined on his ſudden deſtruction.

The tremendous noiſe on the iron doors, of ſledge hammers, ſoon convinced him that the alarm was not chimerical.—In ſhort, the enraged multitude gained entrance, dragged forth the priſoner, and led him in triumph along the High-ſtreet, regardleſs of the menaces of the military officers, and the remonſtrances of the magiſtrates. Having procured a rope, they reached the uſual place of execution, and there, after ſuffering him to ſay a ſhort prayer, ſuſpended him upon a projecting pole;—a dreadful ſpectacle to an aſſembled city at midnight.

The great confuſion in the national eſtabliſhed church of Scotland, cauſed by the Queen's ſubſequent proclamation, being read by few, but burnt by many, is too well known to be recorded in this place, but proved an almoſt, literal accompliſhment of the viſionary prediction of the mother, who ſurvived not long the calamity of her ſon.

An

An Omen relative to the Houſes of York and Lancaſter. From Hall's Chron.

While Edward Duke of York, father to King Edward the Fourth, was declaring his title in the Chamber of Peers, there happened the following ſtrange accident.

A crown, which hung in the middle of the room, to ornament a branch to ſet the lights upon, ſuddenly fell to the floor without touch, on the leaſt breath of wind; and juſt at the ſame juncture fell the crown which ſtood upon the top of Dover Caſtle. This was a ſign and prognoſtication, that the crown of the kingdom ſhould be changed from one line to another.

CHAP. VII.

On Sleep and Dreams.

WHATEVER pleaſure or pain man is capable of receiving or ſuffering in ſleep, it muſt be in proportion to the perfection of the ſenſes as to degree—A man born blind can have no idea of viſion, awake or a ſleep. To him the fair face of creation is totally veiled in profound darkneſs, and all the beauties of ſpring, the glory of ſummer, the ripeneſs of autumn, and the ſnows of winter are perfectly eraſed, as to the pleaſure of beholding them.

The blind man, in his dream, fancies no fairy fields, beholds no rocks, mountains, or precipi-

ces, whence to riſe or deſcend. He may indeed be terrified by the noiſe of thunder, ſtorms, and tempeſts, the hideous howl of winds, or the tremendous roaring of the ocean, but the lightning's flaſhes, the bending of boughs in the waving foreſt, or the motion of the mighty waters, fall not under his obſervation.

If a deficiency of one of the ſenſes thus incapacitates a man from forming adequate notions of the works of nature, how much more would the mind of man be enlarged in its conceptions by the addition of a new ſenſe, or even by an enlargement of the ſenſe of viſion? Of the effects of the former we can have no more a conception, than a man born blind can have of colours; of the latter, we are enabled to form ſome idea from what we behold in others, who are endowed with a ſuperior degree of Viſion.

This would naturally lead us to enquire into the nature, power, and activity of what is called the *Second Sight*, or complex viſion, both bodily and mental; but the limits which we preſcribe to theſe pages, will not permit us to purſue ſo curious a ſubject to any conſiderable degree.

Suffice it to ſay, that this ſenſe or faculty furniſh the mind with freſh ideas, and opens an infinite field for the fancy. Scenes, remote from the eye of others, are naked to the augur, the prophet, the ſecond-ſighted ſeer, the agents of beings perched on the pinnacle of pre-eminence, whoſe piercing eye takes in kingdoms and continents, and at one view beholds myriads the moſt minute or the moſt magnificent. To

To illuſtrate theſe few haſty obſervations, take the following ſtories.

The Wiſe Woman of Worceſter.

Mary Marſhall, of the City of Worceſter, ſpinſter, aged 63, was all her life long known to be in the complete poſſeſſion of the ſecond ſight. She had the ſurprizing gift of beholding objects in her ſleep at midnight, and poſitively without deception.

Sir Thomas Lyttleton chanced once to mention Mary to a company of gentlemen from London, on a viſit at his houſe. Moſt of theſe ſtrangers were little better than ſceptics, as to the doctrine of ſuperior gifts of viſion. The knight, however, having known from repeated experiments on the power of Mary, offered to lay any wager with the moſt backward in the belief of the whole company. One of them propoſed a bet of fifty guineas againſt an hundred with Sir Thomas, that the wiſe woman of Worceſter could not, by all her art, tell the hour and minute of the evening, agreeable to his watch. The other agreed, and they all bent their way to her little hut on the hill, half a mile from the manſion.

On their arrival at her Gothic window, the knight rapped, exclaiming.

Mary, we at your window knock,
To know just what it is o'clock?

To which the wiſe woman awaking that inſtant, replied thus, without heſitation.

Miss

Miss Martha Muke, that fairy elve,
Makes it twelve minutes after twelve —
'Tis time for us to mount the moon,
Arrived at her highest noon.—
Come mount, my men, upon my broom—
I'll warrant you we'll all find room.

This the knight and the gentlemen chuſing to decline, ſhe immediately mounted herſelf, and aroſe in the air ſo high that they ſoon loſt ſight of her. The next day Sir Thomas in conſideration of his ſucceſs, by means of Mary Marſhall, ſent her a whole ſheep, a large cheeſe, and wheat for bread, in proportion.

It was a common report in that country that Mary, in order to evade the mill-toll, uſed to ſet the windmill to work, during her aerial excurſion, and that having finiſhed her ramble on the heath, with her auguring ſiſters, ſhe returned to the mill, before the cheating fellows were up, and carried away her bag of flour.

A ſtory of the celebrated Rev. Mr. Hervey.

Two perſons who had been hunting together in the day, ſlept together the following night. One of them was renewing the purſuit in his dream; and having run the whole circle of the chace, came at laſt to the fall of the ſtag. Upon this he cries out, with a determined ardour, "I'll kill him, I'll kill him;" and immediately feels for the knife, which he carried in his pocket. His companion happening to be awake, and obſerving what paſſed leaped from the bed. Being ſecure from danger, and the moon ſhining into

into the room, he ſtood to view the event. When to his inexpreſſible ſurpriſe, the infatuated ſportſman gave ſeveral deadly ſtabs in the very place, where a moment before, the throat and the life of his friend lay.

This I mention, ſays that good man, as a proof that nothing hinders us from being aſſaſſins of others, or murderers of ourſelves, amidſt the mad ſallies of ſleep, only the preventing care of our heavenly Father.

Apparition of Sir George Villiers. From Clarendon's Hiſtory.

An officer in the King's wardrobe in Windſor Caſtle, of good repute for integrity, aged 50, about ſix months before the death of the Duke of Buckingham, there appeared to him at midnight, by the bed ſide, a man of a very reſpectable aſpect, who drawing the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, aſked if knew him.

The poor man half dead with fear, being aſked the ſecond time the ſame queſtion, recalled to his mind the perſon of Sir George Villiers, his old ſchool-fellow, and recognized the very cloaths which he had ſeen him wear.

Sir George ſaid, "I expect a certain ſervice of you—Go to my ſon, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him, that if he does not ſomething to appeaſe the people, he will be ſuffered to live but a ſhort time."

So ſaying, the viſion diſappeared, and the man

man reſumed his ſleep, and thought it was but an idle dream.

The next night the ſame venerable perſon again appeared, and in the ſame place, but with an aſpect more ſevere, complaining of his neglect in not obeying his injunction; aſſuring him that in failure in future, he ſhould enjoy no peace of mind as long as he lived.

The ſame perſon a third time returned, and with a terrible countenance, bitterly reproached him for diſobedience to his deſire. The man, by this time, having recovered his courage, informed the ghoſt, that he had weighed the matter in his mind every time, but could not think of approaching ſo great a perſonage as the Duke, leſt he ſhould be thought mad, and be abuſed by his Grace as an enthuſiaſt.

The ſpectre replied, "My ſon is eaſy of acceſs, and as to your credentials, I will unfold a few particular incidents, which I ſolemnly charge you never to mention to any but the Duke himſelf, who will no ſooner hear them, than he will believe the truth of your teſtimony, that I have ſent him the warning."

The next morning, being more confirmed than ever of the reality of the viſion, he ſet out for London. On his appearance at Court, he was well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the Maſters of Requeſts, who had married a relation of the Duke. To this gentlemen he communicated a ſmall part of the ſtory, who, knowing him to be a man of probity and good ſenſe, promiſed to ſpeak to the Duke himſelf.

In conſequence of this, the Duke promiſed an interview with the man at Lambeth Bridge, where he was to land in order to hunt with the king.

Accordingly the next morning, Sir Ralph introduced the man to the Duke at the place appointed, and then retired to a convenient diſtance. To his Grace the man then told the whole ſtory, mentioning the incidents which ſerved as his credentials.

The duke greatly ſurprize, ſwore that he muſt have ſeen the devil, as thoſe things were unknown to any man, but one whom he knew would never diſcover them.

The Duke purſued his purpoſe of hunting, but was obſerved to wear a penſive air. Before he had ſpent the morning, agreeable to his deſign, he left the field precipitately, and alighted at the lodgings of his mother at Whitehall.

With her he was cloſeted near three hours, during which time the noiſe of their converſation reached thoſe in waiting in the adjoining rooms. When his Grace withdrew, he appeared full of the utmoſt perplexity, and on his departure, his mother was ſeen by the ſervants overwhelmed with tears.

The Duke, not regarding the warning of his father's ghoſt, or deeming it impoſſible to avoid his fate, purſued his old way, and was actually ſtabbed by one Felton, an officer, a few months after.

It has often been privately reported, that the chief

chief ſecret token, communicated to the man at Windſor, was an inceſtous breach of modeſty between the Duke and a certain lady, too nearly related to him, which it ſurpriſed him to hear of, as he had good reaſon to be ſure the lady would not tell of herſelf, ſo he thought none but the devil could tell it beſides her. This ſo aſtoniſhed him, that he was very far from receiving ſlightly the meſſage from the man, or laughing at his credulity.

When the news of this murder arrived, his mother diſcovered no ſurprize, but received it as if ſhe had forſeen the event with certainty: nor did ſhe expreſs that ſorrow which might have been expected for the loſs of ſuch a ſon.

The Witch of Saliſbury.

ANN KNOW, towards the end of the 13th century, was well known to the farmers in Wiltſhire, and the citizens of Saliſbury. Many ſtrange ſtories are recorded of her in a book, which has been loſt, called, "*The Wonders of Stonehenge*," written by William of Wincheſter, of which the following is a fragment:

One night as Nanny was dancing with her ſiſter witches round the Druidical monument on Saliſbury Plain, Edward I. King of England, with a ſmall party of his Court, paſſing that way at midnight, diſmounted from their horſes, and joined in the convivial ſcene, beneath the glimpſes of the moon.

Edward beheld the ſiſters form themſelves into

a

a circle, and ſit down on the graſs to a delicious banquet, which Nanny Know conjured from the King's Table. Fiſh, fleſh, fowl of every kind, aroſe to his ſight, and wines of the richeſt kind, crowned the nocturnal repaſt. Muſic was performed by the aerial bards, which ſo charmed the hero and his train, that they all ſat down in the circle, and enjoyed the rural repaſt with the utmoſt hilarity.

One of the monks of Old Sarum chanced that inſtant to paſs that way, having been on a viſit to his brother in the Weſt. He ſoon diſcovered that the company belonged to Nanny Know, of Saliſbury, whom he had often ſtrove in vain to confeſs. The muſic, ſoft and melodious as it was, could not charm him, and he reſolved to break the enchantment. To effect which, he called up from the ſhades of Erebus, the Witch of Endor, in the ſhape of a flying ſteed, and on her appearance uttered certain cabaliſtic words, which moved the whole ſiſterhood to mount. Inſtantly, in wild vagaries, they aroſe and flew away, and only left behind the King and the Monk upon the plain.

CHAP. VIII.

The Miniſter and Maid of Wiltſhire.

A Certain young lady near Saliſbury, was courted by a gentleman, whoſe father had a good eſtate in the vicinity. The amour had proceeded

to a conſiderable degree, when the lady diſcovered his inſincerity, but found herſelf incapable of receding from what ſteps ſhe had already taken. She at length, overcome by his promiſes, yielded to his importunity ſo far as to appoint a meeting at a farmer's houſe in the neighbourhood, for a purpoſe too obviouſly unchaſte to be named in this narrative.

Towards the evening, ſhe dreſſed herſelf, and ſet out with her maid Mary, for the purpoſe of meeting her lover. When ſhe came near the houſe, ſhe found ſome excuſe to ſend back the maid, who as it appears, was not in the ſecret.

As ſhe was about to diſmiſs Mary, ſhe ſaw the miniſter of the town coming along the path. On this ſhe ſaid to the girl, "Now you need not go a foot farther, for here comes Dr. ——, ſo I ſhall have his company." The maid alſo ſeeing the miniſter, immediately left her miſtreſs and returned.

As ſoon as the miniſter came up, after the uſual compliment he aſked the lady how ſhe came to be in the fields alone.

"I have not been alone," ſaid the lady, "having juſt ſent back my maid on ſeeing you coming; beſides, I am only going to the farmer's houſe before us."

"O, Madam," replied the doctor, "are you going thither?—then I know your buſineſs."

She bluſhed, but quickly recovering herſelf, anſwered quickly, "What buſineſs Sir?"

"Why, Madam," ſaid the miniſter, "it may not

not be proper for me to name it, but you know it well enough."

"What do you mean, Sir?" ſaid ſhe; "I do not underſtand you." "Your favourite, the young ſquire, is there before you, Madam,"

Here ſhe was much ſurpriſed, ſuppoſing the young fellow had been boaſting of favours before he had received them, and had betrayed her even to the Doctor.—"Madam," ſaid the miniſter, in a ſolemn tone, "if you would take my advice"—"What advice, ſir?" ſaid the young lady; "I do not underſtand what you mean."

"Why, I would adviſe you," ſaid he, "to return to the town, and not run into the way of miſchief."

She ſtill withſtood and put him off with the ſame anſwer. The doctor at laſt put on a more ſtern air, and raiſing his voice a little, anſwered, "Come, come, young lady, you cannot conceal your wicked purpoſes, you have made an appointment with Mr. ———. He prevailed on you laſt night, and you have decked yourſelf up in your ornaments to meet him, and proſtitute your virtue, your honour, and your conſcience, to his corrupt vicious appetite; and I know it, as you ſee I do. My advice is, that you go back, break your wicked promiſe, and repent that you made it.—I ſhall give him the ſame advice preſently."

The Lady for ſome time was confounded, but at length ſaid, "If you know the gentleman is there, Sir, I will not go; eſpecially as you entertain ſuch bad thoughts of me."

On

On this ſhe turned back, and ſaw the miniſter go towards the houſe, and actually beheld him go in and ſhut the door after him.

The Lady was now convinced that ſhe was betrayed, and was afraid of being expoſed to the world. She lived with an aunt, who was dependant on the young man's father, and added much to her mortification.

Meanwhile the young man, having long waited at the farmer's houſe, grew impatient, and returning to the houſe where his lover lived, enquired of the maid for her miſtreſs. The lady was not to be ſeen—he wrote to her—ſhe anſwered. After much writing, he at laſt was permitted to ſpeak to her. She told him what had happened, and all that the doctor had ſaid to her.

A few days furniſhed him with an opportunity of ſpeaking to the miniſter himſelf. The doctor was much ſurpriſed on the occaſion, declaring, that what he had been told was impoſſible to be true, as at the time alluded to, he was actually at London.

Upon this the young man rallied his miſtreſs for having put the trick upon him in forfeiting her word, and inventing the ſtory of the doctor.

Here ſhe called Mary, who corroborated the ſtory, by aſſuring the gentleman, that ſhe alſo ſaw the miniſter in the field leading to the houſe of the farmer. Said the lady, "I will ſpeak to the miniſter myſelf to confront you." "I have already ſpoken to him," ſaid the youth, "and he denies the whole; beſides, he was at London at that

thattime, and ſome days after, which he declares he can prove by twenty witneſſes. What anſwer could you give to this, if you ſhould again ſpeak to the doctor ?"

" Why, my anſwer would be this—it muſt then have been the devil."

" Well then," ſaid he, " it was the devil; I will not diſpute that with you, madam."

" No, no," ſaid ſhe, " I can ſatisfy you that it could not be the devil.———Do you think the devil would have turned me back, when he knew what errand I was upon ?"

After this converſation they parted, both not a little perplexed about the matter.

Something happened ſoon after which caſt a light upon the whole buſineſs. The lady had occaſion to viſit a friend in a neighbouring village one evening, and, being alone, as croſſing a field, again met the doctor.

When he came up to her he pulled off his hat very courteouſly, and then entered upon the ſubject on which he had talked to her on the former occaſion. " Sir," ſaid ſhe, " I have been very ill uſed upon that day's work." I know it," ſaid he, " I know it well; but your innocence ſhall be cleared up, and I will do it myſelf. Do you be thankful you eſcaped the ſnare."

He paſſed by her without taking any farewell, and inſtantly vaniſhed from her ſight. The lady fell down in a fit. A poor woman found her in that ſituation, and led her home. She was ſeveral days indiſpoſed, during which the young

gentleman viſited her, and heard her ſtory of a ſecond meeting of the ſuppoſed doctor, whom they both concluded muſt have been—not a goblin damn'd, but a miniſter of health, whoſe preſence prevented that evil that angels cannot view without deteſtation—the ſeduction of a ſiſter.

May ſuch a miniſter of grace ever meet in time thoſe who are treading the devious paths of vice, to teach them—that "Wiſdom's ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace."

Lord Lytleton's Viſion.

Thomas Lord Lytleton, the famous orator in the Houſe of Lords, on the 25th of November, 1779, lay in his ſuperb chamber in Hagley Hall, Worceſterſhire, and being reſtleſs during the night, beheld a beautiful young lady, dreſſed in white, with a bird in her hand, approaching his bedſide in a very awful and ſolemn manner.

His Lordſhip ſat up, and obſerved the viſion with ſome deliberation, and then exclaimed—"What art thou, that thus diſturbeſt my repoſe?" The lady anſwered, "One ſent to warn thee, O thou degenerate ſon of thy virtuous father, that thy end is nigh. Set thine houſe in order, for thou muſt ſoon die, and no longer live in this ſtately manſion." "How long have I to live?" replied his Lordſhip, while terror and trembling ſeized every nerve, and almoſt froze his blood. "Not quite three days!" ſaid the myſtic meſſenger and then diſappeared.

Next morning the impreſſion of the viſion quickly

quickly wore off the mind of his Lordſhip, who told the tale to two ladies, named Amphlet, with an air of indifference and jocularity. He frequently mentioned the ſame to ſeveral other ladies, and affected to make light of the matter.

On the evening of the Saturday following, he pulled out his watch, obſerving, that it was half paſt ten, and that he had ſtill one hour and an half to live. Then jocoſely chucking under the chin one of his nieces, his Lordſhip danced about the room, ſaying—"Do you think, madam I ſhall get over ?"

The young ladies joined in the merriment, and roſe up to dance with as little concern as the daughter of Herod did when ſhe demanded the head of the Baptiſt.

They at length ſat down to ſupper. His Lordſhip was quite cheerful, ate hearty; but ſoon after found himſelf indiſpoſed, and went to bed. Complaining of an uneaſineſs in his ſtomach, one of the ſervants was ordered to prepare a cup of rhubarb and peppermint water, a medicine which his Lordſhip had frequently uſed with ſucceſs; but before it was ready he ſuddenly expired.

A few days before, his Lordſhip caught a Robin, which had been ſhut in the green-houſe, and ſet it at liberty; which he mentioned to account for his beholding the bird in the viſion.

Lord Mohun's appearance to his Miſtreſs on the Morning of his Murder. From Aubrey's Miſcellanies.

Lord Mohun was a faſhionable young gentleman, in the reign of Charles the I. According to the cuſtom of that time, his ſenſe of honour led him to reſent, in a ſerious manner, an affront which had produced a quarrel between him and a perſon of the firſt quality in this kingdom, though a foreigner.

By appointment they met in Chelſea Fields, near a place called Ebery Farm, and where Lord Mohun was killed, but not without ſuſpicion of foul play.

At the ſame time Lord Mohun kept company with a certain lady in James ſtreet, Covent-garden. His Lordſhip was murdered about ten o'clock in the morning and, at that very time, his miſtreſs being in bed, ſaw him come to her bedſide, draw the curtains, look upon her, and go away. She called after him, but received no anſwer. She then rung for her maid, aſked for Lord Mohun, but the woman replied, "I did not ſee him,"—and had the key of the chamber door in her pocket. This ſtory was atteſted by the lady and her maid to Mr. Aubrey.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

An Apparition to a Pedlar, diſcovering Money. An Authentic Tale.

THERE was a certain Pedlar who uſed to travel with his pack through the county of Suffolk, and kept a warehouſe in a market town.

Returning home late one evening, being much fatigued, he reſted on a ſtile. He had not ſat long before the apparition of a woman, in a white ſhroud came up to him with a ſmiling countenance. Having diſcovered herſelf, ſhe ſtepped backwards and having held up a fine white hand, beckoned him with a finger to follow her.

The pedlar, alarmed as he might well be ſuppoſed to be, accordingly followed her over three fields; the apparition all the while going backwards, and ſtill beckoning to him. On arriving at a certain place where was a ſtone, the apparition ſtamped with her foot, and inſtantly diſappeared.

The man obſerved the place, marked the ſtone, and then carried his pack, not without being ſanguine in his expectations of meeting that below which he had long been ſearching for with ſo little ſucceſs above the ſurface of the earth.

Next night he went out with ſpade and pick-axe, and fell to work. He had not dug deep before a large cheſt preſented itſelf to his raviſhed ſight. With the exertion of much induſtry, and ſome ſkill, he

he cleared the cheſt from the ground, ſplit open it, and viewed the contents with rapture.

It was crammed full of ſilver coin, of ſo large a number of pieces, that he could remove them only by degrees. In time, however, he gained his point; and having taken home all the caſh, carried the cheſt alſo to his habitation.

By the good uſe of this large treaſure he ſet up a ſhop in the town, and quickly appeared a reſpectable tradeſman.

About this time the pariſh church was about to be repaired by a voluntary ſubſcription. The officers walking round to ſolicit aſſiſtance, came at length to the pedlar's, and preſented their book of ſubſcriptions.

Looking over the liſt, the pedlar ſaw the names of certain great men ſet down to very ſmall ſums on which he ſubſcribed no leſs than twenty pounds, to the ſurprize of the officers.

Having occaſion ſoon after, to make a hatch to his door, he found employment for the old cheſt, in which his wealth was once depoſited, by turning it into the hatch, to the end alſo, that it might always be in ſight, as a memorial of his good fortune.

One day as he was ſtanding behind his counter, he obſerved an ancient gentleman, who was reputed an antiquarian, ſtanding poring through his ſpectacles upon the new hatch.

"You have ſomething very remarkable upon your door, maſter," ſaid the gentleman.

"What is it maſter?" replied the pedlar.—

"In

"It is in the old Saxon Gothic characters," replied the virtuoſi. "Read it Sir, in Engliſh, ſaid the tradeſman. On this the gentleman, after a ſhort pauſe, thus read:

"——Where this late ſtood
"Now ſtands another—twice as good."

"Hum!" ſaid the pedlar, "that is old ſtuff indeed.—What can it ſignify?"

"Nay," ſaid the old gentleman, "that I do not know, for who can tell where this once ſtood?"

"Aye, who indeed," replied the pedlar, "and if they did, what can it mean?"

"Do you know where it once ſtood?" quoth the antiquarian.—The pedlar was glad to get rid of the old gentleman; and as ſoon as he was gone, ſaid to himſelf—"Aye, aye, I know where this ſtood—and I will ſoon ſee if I can find the other—twice as good.—There is a bleſſing in ſubſcribing to the building of churches!"

But then he conſidered it was near ſeven years ſince he had ſeen the place, and ſuppoſed it not impoſſible that the ghoſt might have diſcovered the other to ſomebody elſe. He communicated the matter to his wife, and ſhe would not ſuffer him to go to bed another night without making a trial.

He went therefore, in queſt for the remaining money, but after much ſearching, could not diſcover the particular ſpot which he had before been pointed to. He returned, told his ſpouſe that all his hope was gone; and ſhe prevailed upon

on him to make the ſecond eſſay, ſuppoſed the good devil would naturally return to lead him to the particular place.

By the importunity of the woman he went, and ſhe followed to urge him on in the adventure.—In ſhort, the apparition again ma e its appearance, and le t them both to the field, pointed out the particular ſtone with a ſtamp—and then vaniſhed in a flame.

The pedlar went to work, and digged a little deeper than he had done before, found another cheſt, bound round with iron, not ſo large, but as he ſoon diſcovered, abundantly richer than the former; the firſt being but ſilver, the ſecond being all gold. This they carried home with ſecrecy and ſucceſs.

The ſum is not mentioned in the ſtory; but it affirms, that he laid out no leſs than a thouſand pounds in rebuilding the church. In memory of which, on one of the windows, and in ſtained glaſs, are pourtrayed the pedlar and his pack, with the ghoſt beckoning him to the place where the treaſure was depoſited.

The Witch of Wigan.

A woman in Lancaſter being reputed a witch, was dreaded by the farmers about Mancheſter, and thoſe parts, not only as the prognoſticator of evil, by her appearance in the morning of Valentine's day, and certain other times commonly obſerved, but as the ſworn enemy to induſtry, and the deſtroyer of cattle, &c.

She

She occaſionally aſſumed ſeveral ſhapes, in order to elude the detection of the peaſants: but one morning in May, 1755, a young gentleman, named Nuttall, being in a field near Wigan, ſaw a hare of an uncommon ſize ſitting in a buſh. A greyhound, which attended him, inſtantly ſprang to the ſpot, and attempting to ſeize the ſuppoſed prey, that moment expired. The hare remained unmoved, to the aſtoniſhment of the gentleman, whoſe wonder was not a little increaſed on beholding it ſuddenly aſſume the ſhape, figure, and deportment of the Witch.

The Three Warnings.

A young man of conſiderable fortune married a young beautiful lady of a good family in the north of England. On the wedding-day the bridegroom being ſomewhat indiſpoſed, towards the afternoon retired from the company, to indulge a ſoft repoſe in his chamber. Having ſlept a while, he ſaw, or ſuppoſed that he ſaw, a horrible ſpectre ſtanding at the foot of the bed, withdrawing the curtains. He ſat up, looking ſtedfaſtly at the grim figure, and demanded its buſineſs.

The ſpectre anſwered, in a hollow tone of voice—"I am Death, the King of Terrrors, and the Terror of Kings! Prepare to meet thy God, O man, this moment!"

The youth, believing himſelf wide awake, and the viſion to be no deception, thus ſeriouſly expoſtulated with the apparition:—"Have pity! have pity! O thou enemy of mortals, on a young

man, who imagined himſelf on the ſummit of happineſs.—Shall the fair one whom I have this day eſpouſed, be cruelly diſappointed of her anticipated joys, beholding the man, in whom all her wiſhes united, a deplorable corpſe, and a day appropriated to feſtivity turned into a day of lamentation and mourning ?"

The hideous ſpectre now withdrew his dart, which before he had held up as ready to ſtrike the fatal blow, and aſſuming an air of gentleneſs thus replied : " I was now ſent only to alarm your fear, and put you in mind of what muſt be. I ſhall again call, but at a diſtant period, previous to which *three warnings* ſhall be given you.—But, behold, when I renew my viſit—be ready ; for I ſhall delay my errand no longer !"

So ſaying, the diſmal form diſappeared, the young man aroſe, and forgot the viſion ; he joined the covivial aſſembly, and taſted the bleſſings of Heaven for a long ſeries of years, without much reflecting on a life everlaſting. He who cauſes his ſun to ſhine, and his rain to deſcend on the evil as well as the good, beſtowed plenty on this unmindful man, and cauſed his ground to yield a large encreaſe, and filled his barns with abundance. Yet of all this bounty and beneficence was he truly unthankful.

When far advanced in life, and well ſtricken in years, this man, as he lay alone in his bed, beheld the ſame ſpectre with his dreadful dart advancing towards him, and exclaiming—" Art thou now ready ?"

Recognizing

Recognizing the form, and inſtantly remembering his former viſion, though many years before, endeavoured to expoſtulate with the ſpectre.

Old Man. Thou art Death—where were thy promiſed *three warnings?*

Death. Thou haſt already had them.

Old Man. When? Thou never haſt appeared to me ſince the day of my marriage, when thou didſt pay me the unſeaſonable viſit.

Death. Do not trifle with me.—Goeſt thou ever to church?

Old Man. No; I am lame and cannot walk.

Death. Haſt thou none that can read to thee for inſtruction?

Old Man. Verily I am deaf, and cannot hear.

Death. But thou canſt read, I ſuppoſe.

Old Man. Once I certainly could read—but now I cannot ſee.—I am almoſt totally blind.

Death. Thy *blindneſs*, *deafneſs*, and *lameneſs*, are the *three warnings* which I promiſed. They came with ſlow ſteps, and thou haſt had much time to meditate on their gradual advances, declaring that thy end approached. This night thy ſoul is required of thee.

So ſaying, the hideous herald ſtruck his envenomed javelin into the heart of the unholy man, and hurried him away to the other world, without adding one more to *three warnings*.

The two Libertines.

A ſtory told by the Rev. Eraſmus Middleton in the pulpit of Blackfriars Church; London.

Two

Two gentleman, ridiculers of all religion, made an agreement in one of their merry meetings, that the firſt of them who died ſhould come again from the other world, to appriſe the other of what ſtate he was in.

Accordingly one of them ſoon died, and a few nights after actually made his appearance to his ſurviving companion, exclaiming, in a terrible tone, and with much emotion—"I am come to let you know that there is a hell, and I experience it!"

The viſion vaniſhed, the man was not a little ſhocked at firſt; but afterwards, being ridiculed by his jovial friends, he joined in the laugh, and remained unmoved in his wickedneſs. So true is the aſſertion of Abraham in heaven to the rich man in Hell, "If they hear not Moſes and the Prophets, neither will they be perſuaded though one roſe from the dead."—We behold this truth eſtabliſhed in the inſtance of the Jews in our bleſſed Saviour's days. He raiſed Lazarus from the dead in the ſight of a numerous aſſemblage of people, who ſoon forgot that wonderful work, went their way, and remained hardened in unbelief.

The Ghoſt of Major Sydenham.

The Mayor had many warm diſputes with Captain Dyke, about the being of a God, and the immortality of the Soul. It was agreed between them, that the firſt which departed this life ſhould, the third night after his funeral, return, if poſſible to his ſurvivor at midnight, and meet him in a little ſummer houſe at the bottom of the garden,

den, adjoining to the Major's houſe, at Delverton, where they had often carried on their diſputes.

The Major died firſt, and was interred. On the night appointed it happened that the Captain lay with his brother, D. Dyke, when he acquainted the Doctor with the appointment they had made, for which purpoſe he got the key of the garden door.

The doctor tried all in his power to diſſuade his brother from ſuch an idle purpoſe; but when the clock ſtruck twelve he was upon the ſpot, waiting the event. He waited two hours and a half, without ſeeing any thing of the Major; but about ſix weeks after, the Captain and Doctor went together to Eaton, and lay in an inn together, but not in the ſame chamber.

The morning before they went from Eaton the Captain ſtaid in his room longer than uſual, and at laſt went into the Doctor's chamber, but with a viſage and form very much altered from what he uſually appeared to wear. His hair ſtood on end—his eyes ſtared, and his body all over trembled. The Doctor, much amazed, aſked him why he appeared ſo much altered and diſordered. To which he replied, with a ſteady voice, and much apparent ſincerity—"I have ſeen the Major!"

The Doctor ſmiled. "If I ever ſaw him in my life, Sir," ſaid the Captain, "I have ſeen him juſt now." The Doctor now appeared attentive, and the Captain thus proceeded: "This morning, after it was light, one came to my bedſide, drew back the curtains, and called "Cap,

Cap," which was a word familiar to him when he uſually called me, to which I replied, "What, my Major!" He anſwered—"I could not come at the time appointed; but now I am come time enough to tell you—*there is a God*, a juſt and terrible one! if you do not turn over a new leaf of your life, you will too ſoon find it ſo."—He then vaniſhed away.

The thoughts of this remained on the Captain's mind as long as he lived, but appeared to have no influence on his life. They were both men bred at the Univerſity, and poſſeſſed the higheſt ſpirits whilſt living together of any two gentlemen in the army. A ſtory like this, told by Flavel, and atteſted by the Doctor, as proceeding from the mouth of ſuch a character, needs no further confirmation.

CHAP. X.

A Viſion of Hell.

Told by the late Rev. Mr. John Weſley.

A Great libertine in the Biſhoprick of Durham had the following awful viſion:

He thought he was carried into a ſtrange place, reſembling a long gallery, where he obſerved ſeveral gentleman, who walked to and fro, ſeeming in a quiet and compoſed ſtate. He looked on them for ſome time, at length accoſted one of hem, ſaying, "Sir, you ſeem to appear to be very

ry quiet and happy in this place." "Happy!" exclaimed the perſon, "this place is Hell;" and opening his gown ſhewed him his heart, which was ſurrounded with a burning flame of fire. "This is," ſaid he, "the reward of an ill-ſpent life, and you yourſelf will be here amongſt us before this time twelvemonths."

So ſaying, the ſcene changed into the moſt horrid dark and diſmal place, incapable of being deſcribed, which ſight awaked him in the utmoſt perturbation.

A ſhort time after, being in company with a particular companion, he told his dream, which had ſuch an effect on the man's mind, that he inſtantly was filled with terror, and reſolved to amend his life. This reſolution he carried into practice, whilſt his friend, the dreamer himſelf, unmoved by the awful ſcene which he had beheld, and had deſcribed to his reformed companion, perſevered in his wickedneſs, and before the expiration of that year died without the leaſt ſigns of repentance.

The Witches of Tiviotdale.

There is an ancient monaſtery ſtill remaining at Kelſa, on the banks of the Tweed, were a great number of friars once lived in peace and plenty. One of theſe fathers was an acute necromancer, and cultivated the occult ſciences with ſucceſs. He gave out to his brethern and the world, that he had a power of raiſing the devil, and ruling at his pleaſure all the powers of the air called witches. To

To ſhew his ſkill, he propoſed, at the grand feſtival of Whitſunday, to accompany the reſt of the fathers to the pinnacle of the monaſtery, which the fairy elves, the wizards of the rocks, and the witches of Tiviotdale, appropriated to their peculiar paſtime.

Accordingly at midnight, the moon ſhining in all her ſilver rays, they ſolemnly ſurrounded the ſcite, and loudly ſang their oriſons, amidſt an aſſembled multitude from all parts of the country, whom curioſity had drawn together, to behold a battle between the ſpiritual fathers and the horrid hags, who had long diſturbed the repoſe of Kelſo.

They had not long cloſed their holy rites before a hideous howling was heard from the ſummit of the ſublime tower. The vociferation was a mixture of all the intolerable cries that ever grated the human ear. An aſſemblage of ten thouſand cats ſqualling, as many hogs grunting, the ſhrieking of ſo many owls, the croaking of as many ravens, and ſo forth, would have proved perfect melody in compariſon of this unſonorous lamentation. At length a ſolemn ſilence prevailed in the hell bred congregation, and *Jenny Fairly*, the chief ſiſter, waved her broom thrice, and all the reſt waved their brooms in the myſtic dance around the pinnacle : Jenny ſinging,

On we fly—mounted high,
High as the top of lofty Cheviot;
No monk or friar—e'e. ſoar'd higher—
The fathers 'twixt the Tweed and Tiviot,
Know your dooms!
Mount your brooms.—

Keep

Keep to yourselves,
Ye fairy elves.
Trot and troll—O Latiloll,
And sister Kitty of the Cave,
And as we stray—we backwards pray—
Who but the de'el can witches save!

Jenny Fairly then again waved her broom, and commanded ſilence, whilſt ſhe proceeded in her incantation, as follows:

Ye rulers of the Scotish nation,
All listen to my incantation.
Ye wily wizards come away,
And all attend our pleasant play.
Witches, round the rocks of lizards,
Come along with all the wizards.
From the rock sublime of Dover,
Wave our master to come over.
With all our cousins fair of France,
Joining in the midnight dance;
For, lo, to-night shall grace our table,
The monks and friars dress'd in sable.
From princes pantries quickly bring,
The danties that delight our king.
Who now arises from the Tweed;—
My God! 'tis he! 'tis he indeed!

So ſaying, the whole horrible herd alighted, and ſat down in an open place called the Abbey Cloſe, where appeared a ſpacious table covered with viands of the richeſt kind, and garniſhed with every delightful herb of the field and garden.

Our holy necromancer now ordered the phalanx of fathers to follow him, which they inſtantly did, and reached the table juſt in time to aſk a bleſſing before meat.

For

For every one of the fathers a ſtool was ſet, and after every one was placed in order, agreeable to his rank or ſeniority, by Jenny Fairley herſelf, ſtill a ſeat remained unoccupied at the head of the table.

The chief holy father waited in deep anxiety ſome time, in expectation of ſeeing the empty ſtool filled. At length the witches roared aloud in ſuch a horrid acclame, that terror and trembling ſuddenly ſeized the numerous ſpectators ſurrounding the gueſts, who all cried out—*the Devil is come!* That moment an old gentleman in black, of a gigantic figure and ſublime demeanour, though much faded in his countenance, and dejected in his look, appeared at the head of the board. All the witches, wizards, &c. bowed lowly at his riſing up, and ſilence was proclaimed by Jenny Fairly.

The old gentleman thrice attempted to addreſs the mixed auditory, and failed each time through the ſuperior enchantment of the chief friar. At length he waved a wand, and all the ſcene inſtantly diſappeared. All the fathers, with the multitude around, remained viſible, excepting the chief, who was not to be found.

Now the fair hour of time approached. The fan of Aurora wafted the gales from the winding rivers, the Tweed and Tiviot, and the odours of the flowers were grateful to the ſmell of the holy fathers as they retired from the banquet of witches. But great was the grief, and loud the lamentation of theſe holy men, during the day, for the

loſs

loſs of their elder brother. Every old woman in the dale, every ſuſpected cunning man of the valley, was ſtrictly examined by the civil powers reſpecting the conjuration and ſpell of the preceding nocturnal meeting. All ſcrutiny proved ineffectual—all inveſtigation was fruitleſs for a long ſeries of days.

Word of this woeful enchantment was carried to his holineſs the Pope, who cauſed a ſolemn faſt to be obſerved throughout all his wide dominion. But this alſo was vain. At laſt it was given out, that the ſoul of the friar was fled to heaven, by the way of purgatory. But the queſtion was, Where then is the body?

This emphatical queſtion puzzled the Pope, cardinals, and the whole herd of dignified eccleſiaſtics for full eleven months;—at length one of the witches of Kelſo, who was wiſer than them all together, on being accuſed of ſorcery, ſoothſaying, and necromancy, to ſave her ſoul from ſudden damnation, and her body from burning, was prevailed upon to point out a way by which the long loſt friar might be reſtored to his ſociety.

By her advice, the whole family of holy fathers attended at midnight, at the monaſtery, exactly twelve months from the time when the father was loſt. They heard the ſame howling—ſaw the ſame crew of witches on the ſteeple—liſtened to the ſame incantation—beheld the ſame table in the Abbey Cloſe—ſaw the ſame old gentleman at the head of the board—and above all, had the inexpreſſible pleaſure to behold their elder brother

ther on the ſelf ſame ſtool on which they ſaw him ſit 365 days, and near four hours previous to that inſtant period.

The friar, who had taken the chief place in the convent, in the room of the enchanted father, thus accoſted him :—" Where was thy ſuperior art in the occult ſcience, that thou ſufferedſt thyſelf to be kept in captivity ſo long as a whole year?" " What mean you?" replied the original chief, " I have not half finiſhed my meal. Are not the meats delicious, the wines ſuperlative, and the company moſt curious? Are you impatient at a repaſt ſo pleaſant? the nectar and ambroſia of the gods are not ſo rare, the tables in heaven cannot be covered with more ſuperb diſhes. Let us behold the reſult of the whole, and not forſake a ſcene ſo marvellous, till the breaking of the day."

The friar ſo ſaid, and aſtoniſhed his brethern, who all refrained from eating, leſt they alſo ſhould be enchanted. At length the old gentleman, on eſſaying to ſay grace, miſſed a phraſe which broke the enchantment. The table vaniſhed—the old one diſappeared, ſaying, " All your fathers return, but theſe my ſiſters, the witches, this hour ſhall be in my dominion."

The old hag who gave the advice, fell porſtrate, and ſaid, " *Our father which wert in heaven, &c.*" but that prevented not her removal. Though the hag was horridly ugly and unſhapely, ſhe would do well enough to burn; for the devil minds not whether the logs for his fire are rough or ſmooth, crooked or ſtrait.

A ſolemn Admonition of a Young Lady from the Dead.

Two ladies of fortune where intimately acquainted with each other. One of them fell ſick of the ſmall-pox, and deſired mightily to ſee the other, who, fearing to catch the diſtemper, would not go. The afflicted lady at laſt died, and had not been long buried before ſhe appeared at the houſe of the other lady, in the dreſs of a widow, and aſked for her friend, who then happened to be at cards.

The living lady ſent down her maid, to know her buſineſs; the anſwer was, that ſhe would impart it to none but her lady, who, after receiving this meſſage, bade her woman introduce her into a room, and deſire her to ſtay till the game was done, and ſhe would then wait on her.

The game being finiſhed, down ſtairs went the lady to the ghoſt, to know her buſineſs—"Madam," ſaid the apparition, turning up her veil, and her face appeared full of the ſmall-pox, "you know very well, that you and I loved each other entirely, though I took it very ill of you, that you was not ſo kind as to come and ſee me. Believe me, my dear, I am not come to frighten you, but only out of regard to your eternal happineſs, to forewarn you of your approaching end, which I am ſorry to ſay will be very miſerable if you do not prepare for it; for their is a righteous God above, and you know you have led a very unthinking giddy life for many years,—I cannot

ſtay— I am going—my time is juſt ſpent—prepare to die, and remember this, that when you make the thirteenth at a ball—you have but a few days to live." She then vaniſhed.

To conclude, ſhe was at a ball, where ſhe made the thirteenth in number, and was after aſked by the brother of the deceaſed, whether his ſiſter actually appeared to her as was reported. She returned no anſwer, but fell a weeping, and died in a little time after.

CONCLUSION.

MR. ADDISON, in No 110, of the Spectator, obſerves, that they are more excuſable who believe in apparitions, than thoſe who reject all extraodinary revelations of this kind contrary to the reports of all hiſtorians, ſacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, think the appearance of ſpirits fabulous and groundleſs. Could we not give ourſelves up to the general teſtimony of mankind, we ſhould to the relations of particular perſons who are living, and whom we know, and cannot diſtruſt in other matters of fact.

Lucretius himſelf, though by the courſe of his philoſophy (ſays the ſame excellent author,) he was obliged to maintain, that the ſoul did not exiſt ſeperate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men had often appeared after their death.

To prove the general opinion of mankind, innumerable

unmerable quotations might be taken from the ſacred writings, many of which are noticed in the introduction; but a few more may now be mentioned.

When our Saviour walked upon the ſea, the apoſtles cried out for fear, ſaying, "*it is a ſpirit.*" —The doubting apoſtle St. Thomas did not heſitate at the poſſibility of Chriſt's ſecond appearance, he only queſtioned the reality of his appearance in the ſame body. Other diſciples alſo ſuppoſed that they had ſeen a ſpirit, when they beheld Chriſt after his reſurrection, but Jeſus aſſured them of the contrary, ſaying; "behold my hands and feet, handle me and feel, for a ſpirit hath not fleſh and bones as ye ſee me have."

All the legends of the latter ages concerning apparitions are certainly not to be credited, but ſtill the general belief of a little hereafter, and the remarkable proofs, of ſpirits appearing in the Old Teſtament to men upon many occaſions, ſhew that the opinion of mankind in all ages has been well founded. Milton ſays:

> Millions of ſpirits walk the world unſeen,
> Both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
> These execute their airy purpoſes,
> And works of love and enmity fulfil.

The Rev. Mr. Baxter, who was no enthuſiaſt has written a treatiſe on apparitions, and confeſſes, that his having found ſo much evidence in Scripture that angels and diſembodied ſpirits hold converſe with the inhabitants of this lower world, has proved a ſubordinate help to his belief in enjoying

ing a happy immortality with Chriſt, after the death of the body.

" Doubtleſs " ſays Tertullian, " when the ſoul is ſeparated from the body, it comes out of darkneſs into its own pure and perfect light, and quickly finds itſelf a ſubſtantial being, able to act freely in that light, and participate heavenly joys."

A perſon lately deceaſed gave a convincing proof of this in his laſt moments, who, though in great pain, and under a ſore ſickneſs, was in ſuch raptures of joy, that he ſaid he felt no pain at all, but declared that he was then in heaven, and that he heard diſtinctly muſic, as of angels ſinging melodiouſly, and would join with them in their Hallelujah. So his ſoul in that triumphant manner, departed to the place which it had not only anticipated, but actually beheld with rapture.

To conclude the whole, the Editor of this once heard the Rev. Mr. Toplady, who was a learned and ſenſible miniſter of the goſpel, ſolemnly aver, that at certain times, when he has been racked with bodily pains, his ſoul filled with a ſenſe of the love of God, has actually been as abſent from the body, and did not in the leaſt degree participate of its miſery and pain; and it is well known that the ſame good man departed this life amidſt tortures of body without the leaſt regarding them, ſinging——

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens to my eyes, my ears,
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend me your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death where is thy sting?